

CHOICE
AYRES and SONGS

TO SING TO THE
Theorbo-Lute, or Bass-Viol:

BEING

Most of the Newest *Ayres* and *Songs* sung at COURT,
And at the Publick THEATRES.

Composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick, and others.

THE THIRD BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by *A. Godbid* and *J. Playford Junior*, and are Sold by *John Playford*, at his Shop
near the *Temple Church*; and *John Carr*, at his Shop at the *Middle Temple-Gate*, 1681.

7

THE NEW YORK

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1850

1850

Printed by A. C. Cook and J. E. Felt, at the New York
near the Church, and John C. Cook, at the Shop near the

TO ALL LOVERS OF
MUSIC.

GENTLEMEN,



HIS Third Book, or Collection of New Ayres and Songs had come to your hands some Months sooner, had I not been prevented by long Sicknes; however I hope it will not now be unwelcome. I need not here commend the Excellency of their Composition, the ingenious Authors Names being printed with them, who are Men that understand to make *English* Words speak their true and genuine Sence both in good humour and Ayre; which can never be performed by either *Italian* or *French*, they not so well understanding the Proprieties of our Speech. I have seen lately published a large Volum of *English* Songs, composed by an *Italian* Master, who has lived here in *England* many Years; I confess he is a very able Master, but being not perfect in the true *Idiom* of our Language, you will find the Air of his Musick so much after his Country-Mode, that it would sute far better with *Italian* than *English* Words. But I shall forbear to censure his Work, leaving it to the Verdict of better Muscal Judgments; only I think him very disingenious and much to blame, to endeavour to raise a Reputation to himself and Book, by disparaging and undervaluing most of the best *English* Masters and Professors of Musick. I am sorry it is (in this Age) so much the Vanity of some of our *English* Gentry to admire that in a Foreigner, which they either slight, or take little notice of in one of their own Nation; for I am sure that our *English* Masters in Musick (either for Vocal or Instrumental Musick) are not in Skill and Judgment inferiour to any Foreigners whatsoever, the same Rules in this Science being generally used all over *Europe*: But I have too far digress'd, and therefore beg your Pardon. This Book being bound up with the two others formerly published, will make a compleat Volum. To conclude, I desire you to think, that I have herein as much studied your satisfaction as my own Interest, and kindly to receive this Collection, from

From my House in
Arundel-Street,
near the Thames
side, Novemb. 2.
1680.

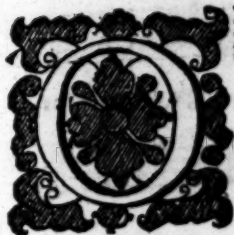
GENTLEMEN,

Your hearty Servant,

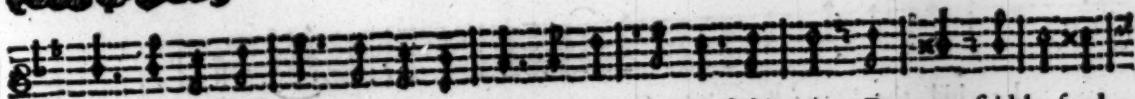
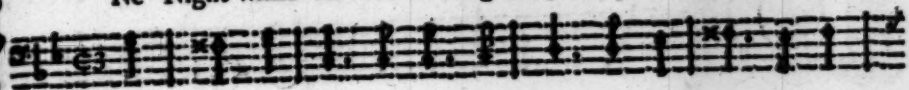
JOHN PLAYFORD.

An Alphabetical Table of the Ayres and Songs in this Book.

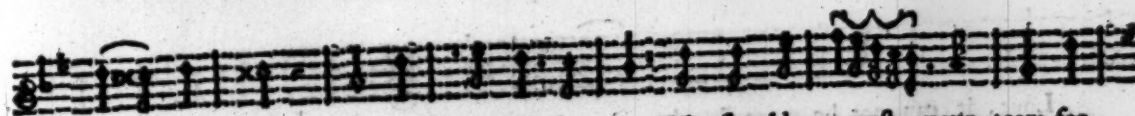
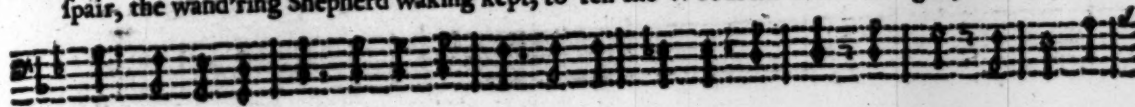
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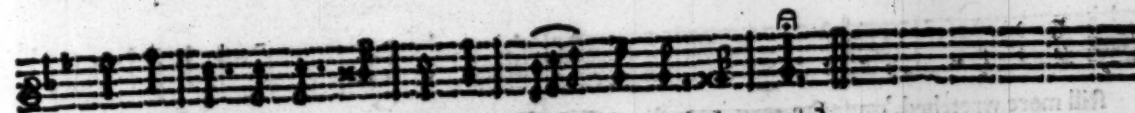
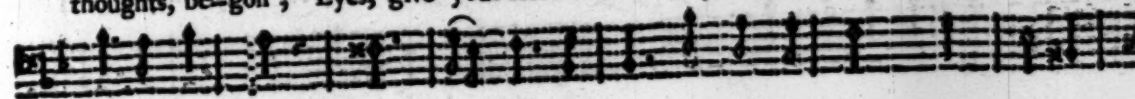
No Night while all the Vil-lage slept, Myr-til-lis sad de-



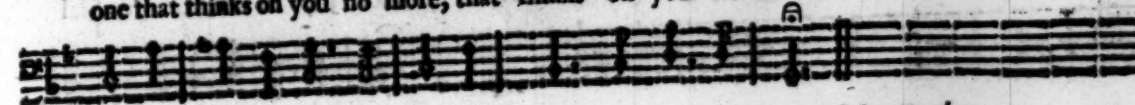
spair, the wand'ring Shepherd waking kept, to tell the Woods his care. Be-gon, said he, fond



thoughts, be-gon ; Eyes, give your sorrows o're : Why should you waite your tears for



one that thinks on you no more, that thinks on you no more?



Mr. Graber.

II.

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers,
That dwell within the Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have past in Love.
You Stars above, my cruel Foes
Can tell, how she has sworn
A thousand times; that like to those
Her Flames shall ever burn;
Her Flames shall, &c.

III.

But since she's lost, O let me have
My wish, and quickly dye!
In this cold Bank-I'll make a Grave;
And there forgotten lye.
Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep;
And kindly there complain;
Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,
But never wak'd again,
But never, &c.



Id the sad for--sa-ken Grove to sigh for e-ver , sigh as much as

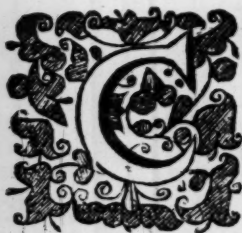
I ; bid the Dew fall, and the Sky weep a--pace , weep like the Queen of

Love, it can-not be more show'ry than her Face. Ah hapless De-i-ty ! and

still more wretched, 'cause she may not die : Can there be far-ther Joy in the Ce-lestial

store, now my best Heaven, *Ado-nis*, is no more ; he is no more, no more ?

Mr. Farmer.

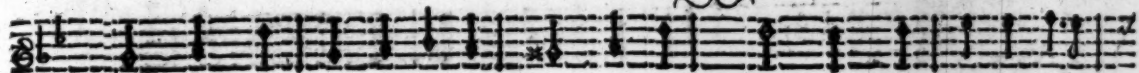


Ease, if thou canst ; pursue no more ; *Lucinda's* alter'd much of

late, so chang'd from what she was before , that she re--signs thee up to Fate ; no



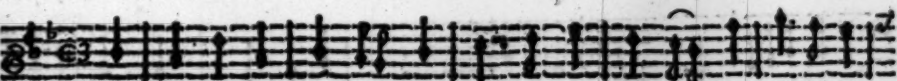
more at-ten-tive to thy Pray'rs. In vain are all thy sighs, in vain thy tears:



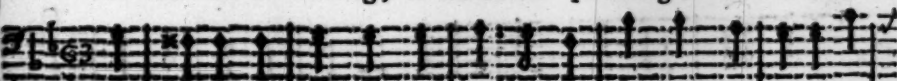
In vain are all thy sighs, in vain thy tears.



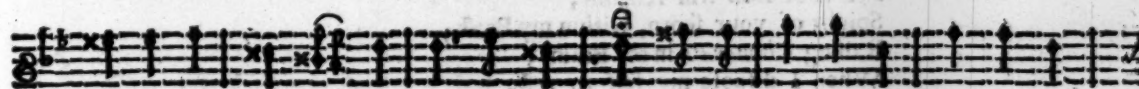
Mr. Tho. Farmer.



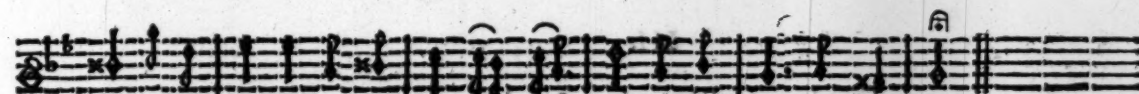
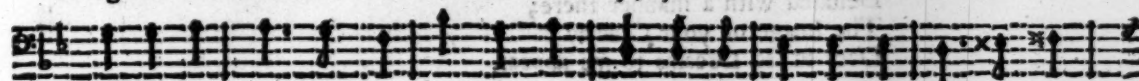
An life be a Blessing, or worth the possessing? can life be a



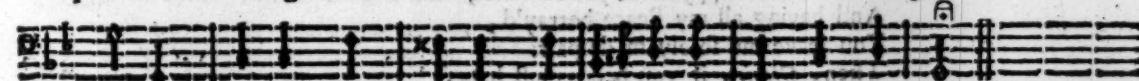
Blessing, if Love were away? Ah no! though our Love all night keep us wa-king; and



though he tor-ment us with cares all the day, yet he sweetens, he sweetens our

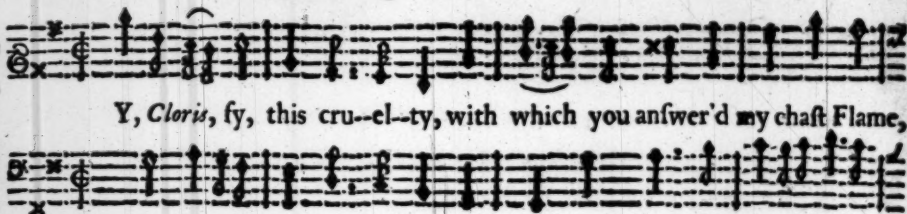


pains with the taking: There's an hour at the last, there's an hour to re-pay.



Mr. Tho. Farmer.

- II. In every possessing, the ravishing blessing;
In every possessing the fruit of our pains:
Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish;
What e're they have suffer'd, or done to obtain.
'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure, to sigh and to languish;
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.



Y, *Cloris*, fy, this cru-el-ty, with which you answer'd my chaff Flame,



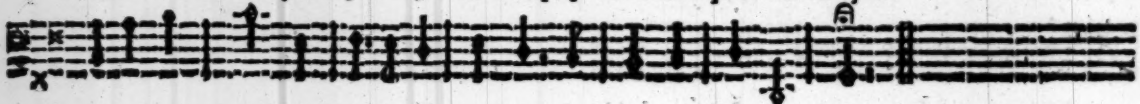
Is in effect plain Tyranny, tho you dis-own a Tyrant's Name. My freedom,



e're I saw your Eyes, without con-trole I still en-joy'd: But when my



Heart was made your prize, that hap-pi-ness was quite de-stroy'd.



II.

For your *Idea* still remains,
 Spight of your scorn, within my Brest;
 Raising *Chimera's* in my Brains,
 When I dispose my self to rest:
 But if at any time I be
 Deluded with a slumber there;
 The Image of your Cruelty
 Does in sad Dreams to me appear.

III.

Thus by your Rigour have I made
 Me more unhappy than you're Fair;
 And having all my Peace betray'd,
 You leave me solely in despair.
 Then, *Cloris*, if you needs must hate,
 Conceal it yet in Charity;
 And pity, pity, my hard Fate,
 Which else must end in Misery.



Eneath the stately Cedar's shade, a Grove for Love's soft hours, Na-

ture her Velvet Car-pet spread, Embroider'd by fair Flo-ra's hand, with all her choicest

Flow'rs. With ma--ny woes and shame op--prest, the bright Ca--li--sta laid her

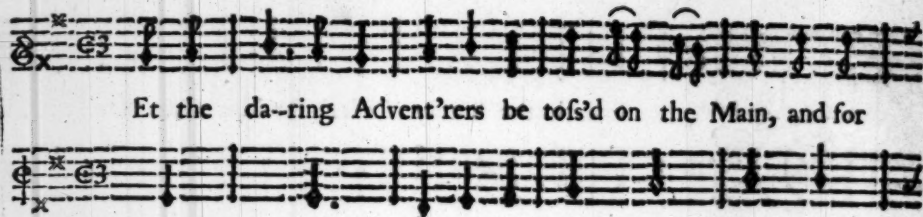
ten--der Limbs there down to rest, whose Beau--ties to the lust--ful King her

Honour had be--tray'd.

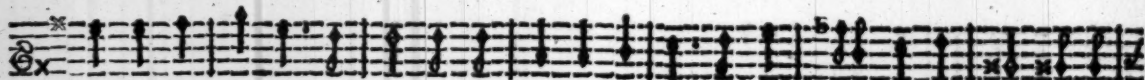
Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

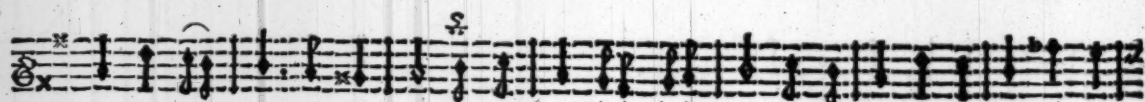
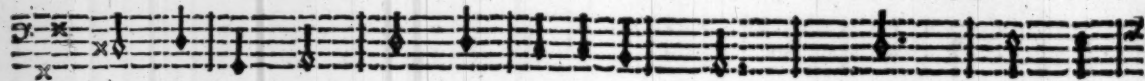
Complaining thoughts could find no vent,
Such crouds of Sorrows came;
And still as upwards they were sent,
Alas! her bathful Tongue refus'd
with words to own her shame.
But to the Gods with show'rs of Tears,
And Heart-sick Groans, she cry'd,
Ah! end my wretched Life and Cares,
Revenge, revenge his Crimes on me;
so fell, and sigh'd, and dy'd.



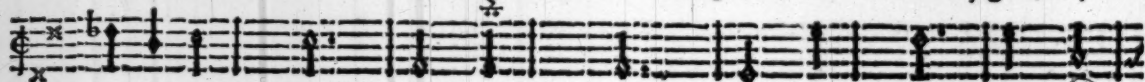
Et the da-ring Advent'ers be tofs'd on the Main, and for



Riches no dangers de-cline; tho with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain, they can



bring us no Treasure like Wine: Tho with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain, they can



bring us no Treasure like Wine.



II.

Enough of such Wealth would a Begger enrich,
And supply great wants in a King:
'T would smoothe all the Grievs in a comfortless wretch,
And inspire weeping Captives to sing.
'T would smoothe, &c.

III.

There's none that groans under a burdensom Life,
If this Sovereign Balsom he gains.
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Rags and Diseases in Chains.
This will make, &c.

IV.

It swells all our Veins with a kind purple Flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind:
There's no Peasant so rank; but it fills with good Blood,
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.
There's no Peasant, &c.

V.

There's nothing our Hearts with such Joys can bewitch,
For on Earth 'tis a Power that's Divine:
Without it we're wretched, though never so rich;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, &c.



Et the Traytors plot on, 'till at last they'r undone, by hurting their

Brains to de--coy us: We whose hearts are at rest in our Loy--al--ty's blest, what

De--mon or Pow'r can an--noy us? Am--bi--tion, like Wine, does the Sen--ses con--

found; and Treason's a dam--na--ble thing: Then let him that thinks well see his brimmer go

Chorus.

round; and pray for the safe--ty and life of the King. Let *Cesar* live long, let *Cesar* live

long; for e--ver be hap--py, and e--ver be young: And he that dares hope to change

King for a Pope, let him dye, let him dye, while *Cesar* lives long.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

How happy are we when our Hearts are all free,
And blest in our Sacred Obedience;
Whilst the Politick Fool that's ambitious to Rule,
Still baiks at the Oath of Allegiance.

He trembles, and flies from his numerous Foes,
Like a Deer that the Hunters surround;
Whilst we, that hate all that would Monarchs depose,
Make the joys of our Hearts like our Glasses abound.
Chor. Let *Cesar* live long, &c.



Lo--rin--da, adieu, since you slight what is true, no lon--ger I'll

Court for dis--dain; tho your Charms are delightful, your Scorns are as frightful, I'll never Court

longer in vain. I'll rove up and down, and I'll ransack the Town, but I'll find out a

Nymph that's more true; I'm re--solv'd to de--fie your proud scorns, tho I dye: So a--

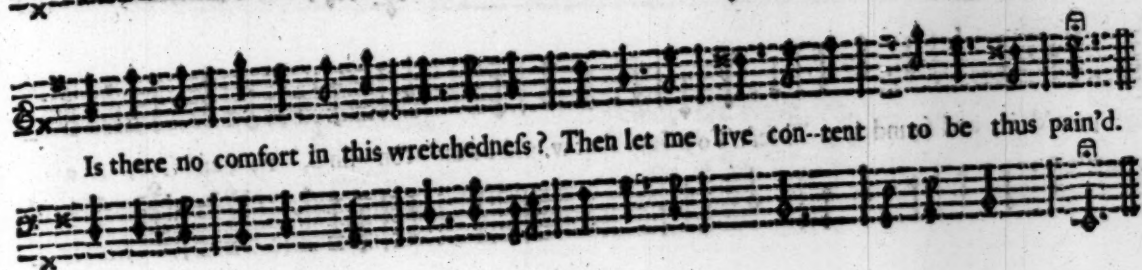
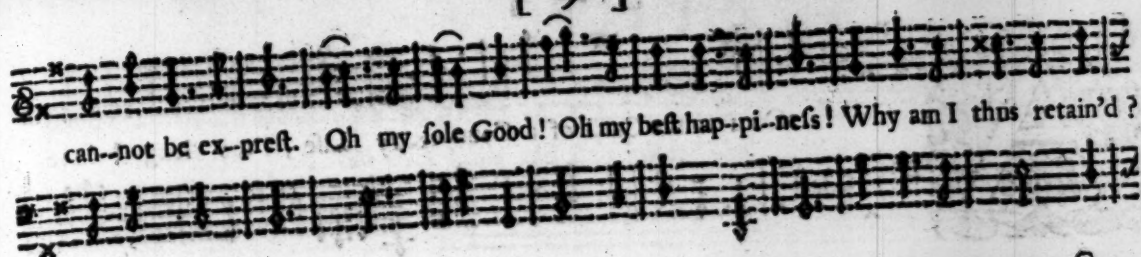
dieu, fair Clo--rin--da, a--dieu.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

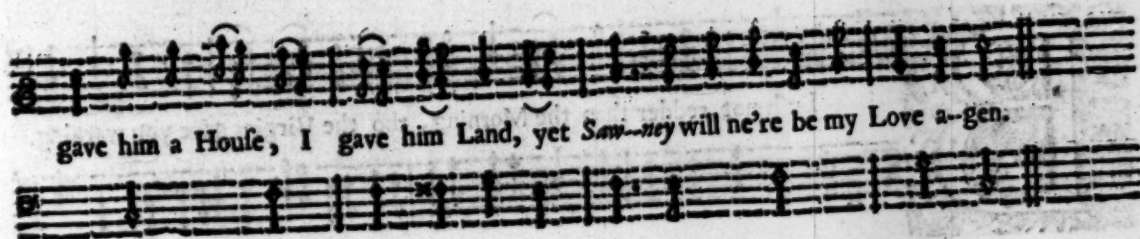
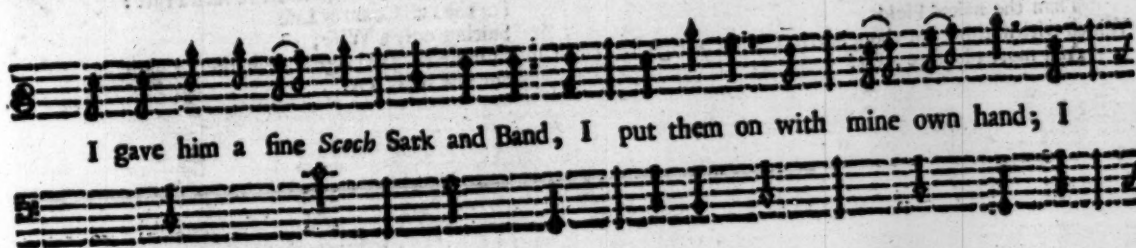
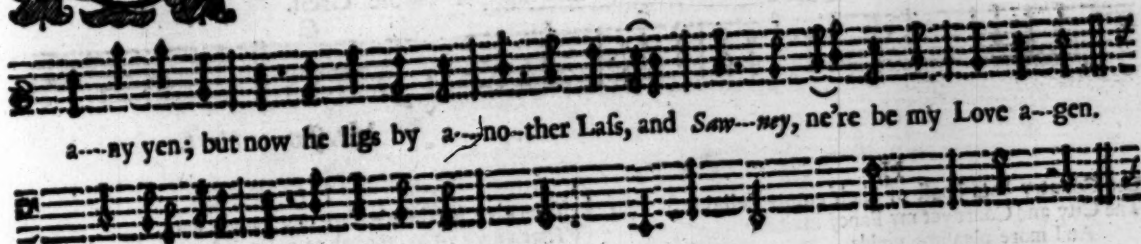
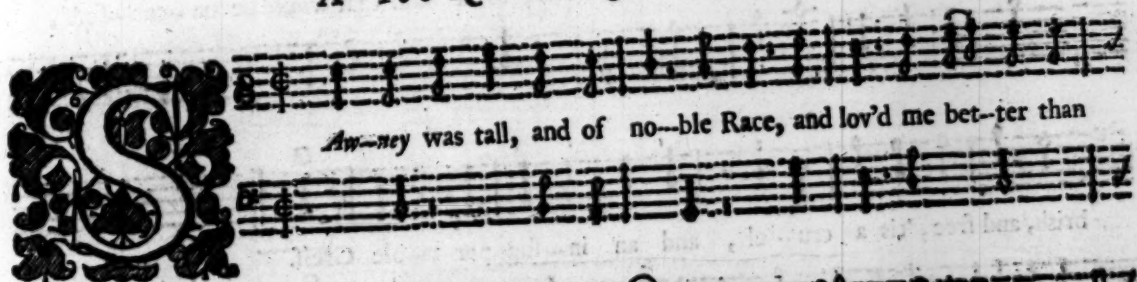


Othing I know, yet feel a pow'r--ful Fire burning with-

in my Brest, through deep de--fire to be once more where first I felt un--rest, which



A NORTHERN SONG.



II.

I robb'd the Groves of all their Store.
And Nofegays made to give Sawney one;
He kiss'd my Brest, and fain would do more.
Gude Feth, me thought he was a bonny one.
He squeez'd my Fingers, grasp'd my Knee,
And carv'd my Name on each green Tree;
Sigh'd and languish'd to ligg by me,
But now he will ne're be my Love agen.

III.

My Boongrace, and my Sun-burnt Face,
He prais'd, and also my Russet Gown;
But now he dotes on the Copper Lace
Of some lewd Queen of LONDON Town.
He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
Whil'st I poor Soul sit fighting at beam;
I ne're joy Sawney unless in a Dream,
For now he will ne're be my Love agen.



Dieu to the Curse of a Coun-te-ry Life, too long I have

prov'd it, and found it a Thief: To a Soul that would be un--con--fin'd, brisk, and free, 'tis a

cru-el and an in--sup--por--ta-ble Grief; to a Soul that would be un--con--fin'd,

brisk, and free, 'tis a cru-el, and an in--sup--por--ta-ble Greif.

Mr. James Hart.

II.

Let Country Sots boast of their empty delights;
The City and Court yet my Fancy invites:
And more pleasure yields
Than the naked Fields,
Which with nothing but thoughts the Genius affrights.
And more pleasure, &c.

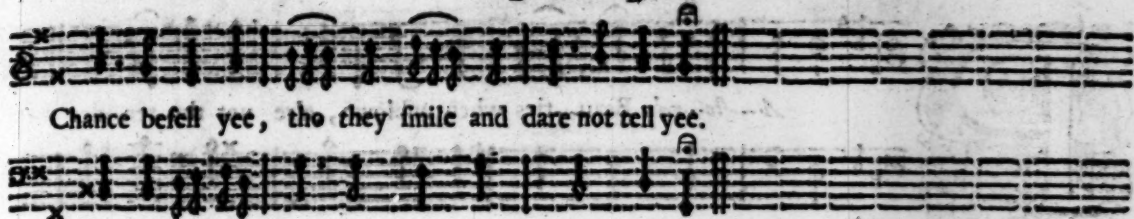
III.

Then give me the pleasure, omnipotent Fate,
That now I enjoy, though at ne're such a rate;
For the dull Country Life
Suits only a Wife,
I much more than old Age and Impotence hate.
For the dull, &c.



Lush not redder than the Morning, tho the Virgins gave you warning.

Sigh not at the Chance befell yee, tho they smile and dare not tell yee: Sigh not at the



Chance befell yee, tho they smile and dare not tell yee.

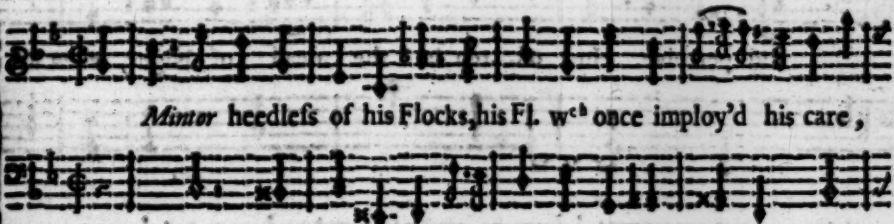
Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

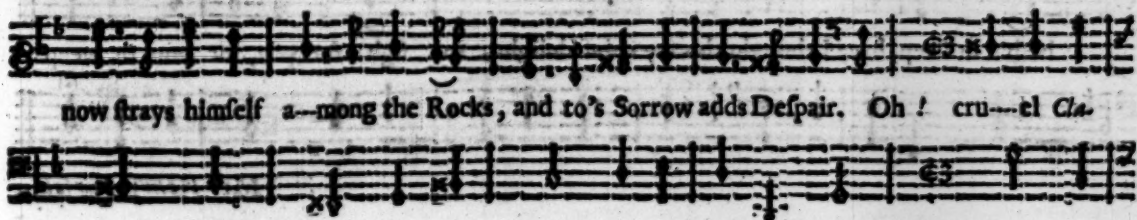
Maids like Turtles love the Cooing,
Bill, and in Arms, in their Wooing:
They like you, they start and tremble,
And their troubled Joys dissemble,
They like you, &c.

III.

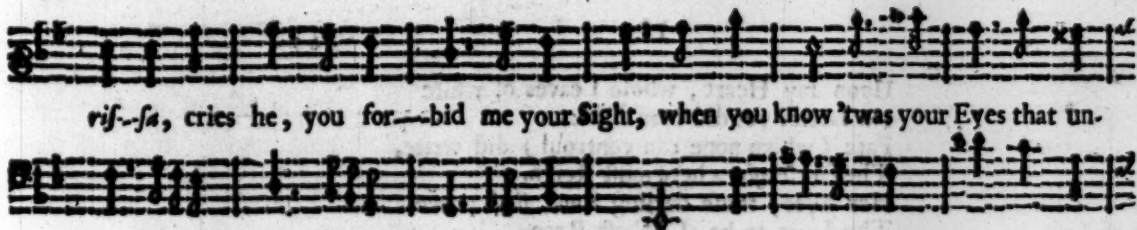
Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming,
Though your Beauties now are blooming;
Time at last your Joys will sever,
And they'll part, they'll part for ever.
Time at last, &c.



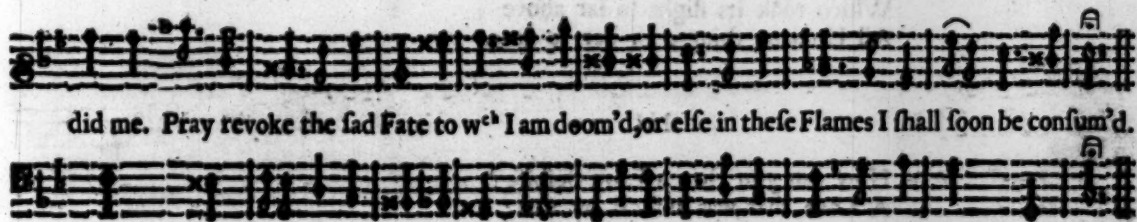
Miner heedless of his Flocks, his Fl. w^{ch} once employ'd his care,



now strays himself a—mong the Rocks, and to's Sorrow adds Despair. Oh! cru—el Cla-



riss-a, cries he, you for—bid me your Sight, when you know 'twas your Eyes that un-



did me. Pray revoke the sad Fate to w^{ch} I am doom'd, or else in these Flames I shall soon be consum'd.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

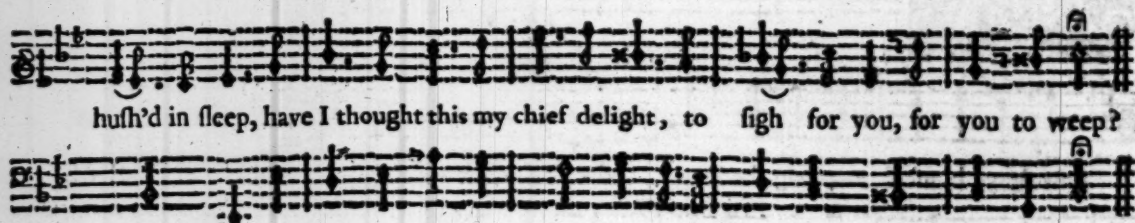
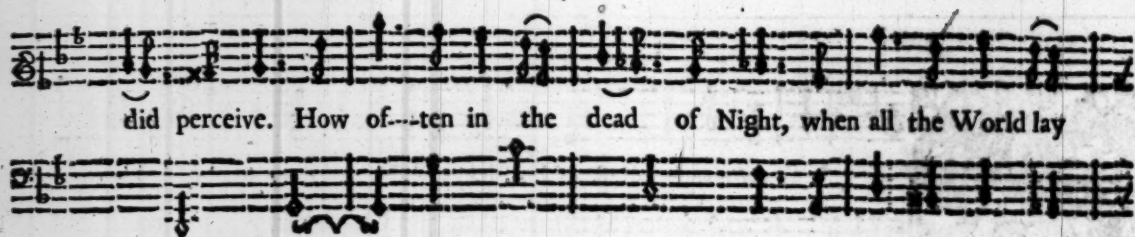
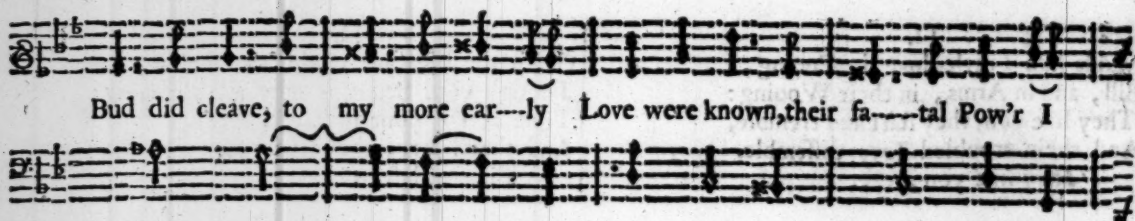
Then up he took his Pipe and play'd,
And gently with the Passion strove:
But strait the Reed aside he laid,
To sing of his neglected Love.
If ever poor Man that was wrack'd in despair
Prevail'd on the Cruel, or soften'd the Fair;
Then pity *Clarissa*, Oh! pity the swain,
Whose life's but a Torment, 'till you cure his Pain.

III.

Then down he laid him on the Ground,
His Cares inclining him to sleep;
But he much rather Troubles found,
That wretched Lovers waking keep.
Then as if from some Dream in a maze he came,
He started, and started, and call'd on her Name:
Return my *Clarissa*, or else you'll undo me,
For sleeping and waking my Greifs do pursue me.



A--sto--ra's Beau--ties when unblown, e're yet the ten--der



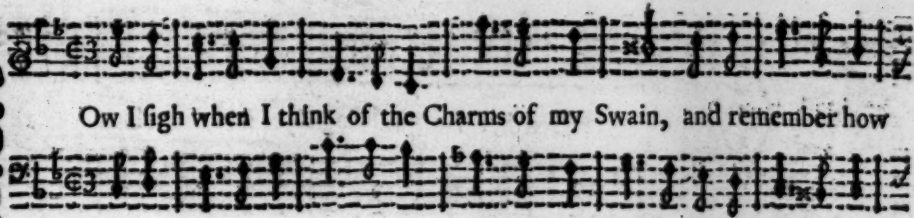
Mr. Henry Pursell.

II.

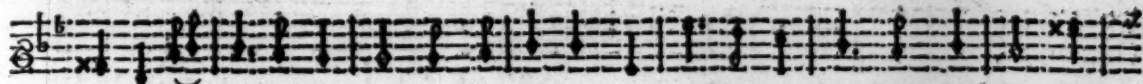
Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of white
No Letter yet did ever stain:
Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
The fair *Pastora* here must Reign.
Her Eyes, those darling Suns, shall prove
Thy Love to be of noblest Race;
Which took its flight so far above
All Humane things, on her to gaze.

III.

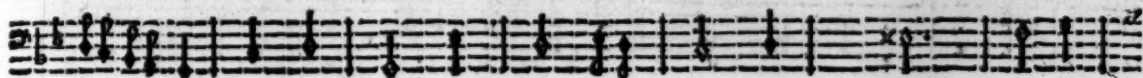
How can you then a Love despise?
A Love that was infus'd by you;
You gave Breath to its Infant sighs,
And all its Grievs that did ensue.
The Pow'r you have to wound, I feel,
How long shall I of that complain?
Now shew the Pow'r you have to heal,
And take away the tort'ring pain.



Ow I sigh when I think of the Charms of my Swain, and remember how



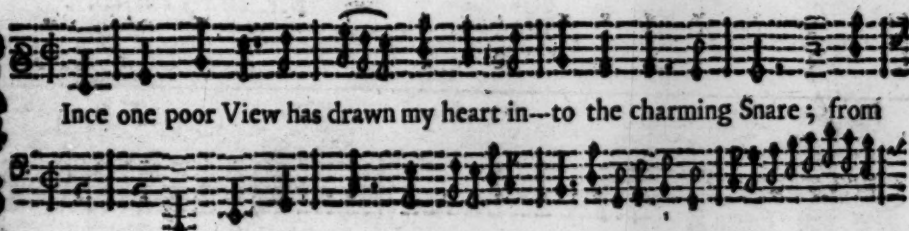
sweetly he kindness can feign; Oh! I rather would love all his falshoods than try: There



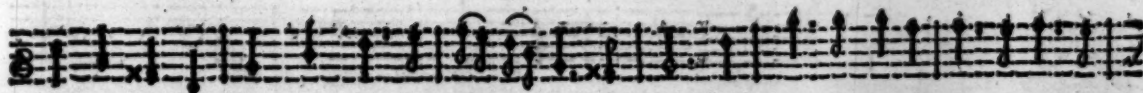
still is some pleasure; though 'twere but to dye.



Mr. Henry Purcell.



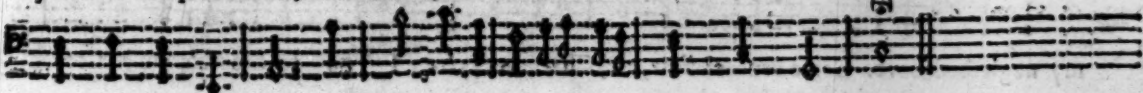
Ince one poor View has drawn my heart in--to the charming Snare; from



my Confinements I'll ne're part, but still your Fetters wear. What more *Aminor* can you do? Now



you the Conquest have, 'tis Cruelty thus to pursue a wounded yielding Slave.



Mr. Henry Purcell.



Hen her lan-guish-ing Eyes said, Love! too soon the soft Charm I o-

bey'd; for my Passion she would not ap-prove, and I find I was on-ly betray'd: Which

makes me con-tend with my Chain, and the Pow-ers a-bove I im-plore; that if she re-

gard not my Pain, I may dye, and ne're see her more.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



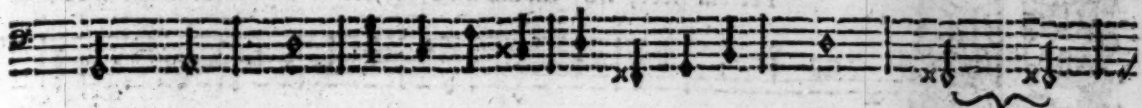
Take no pleasure in the Sun's bright Beams, nor in the Chry--stal

Ri--vers* purling Streams; but in a dark and si--lent sha--dy Grove, I sigh out woes of

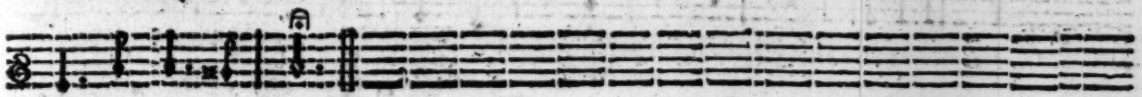
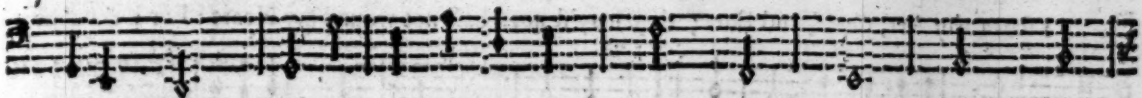
my neglected Love. Come cru--el Fair, and Charm me, e're I go to Death's em-bra-ces



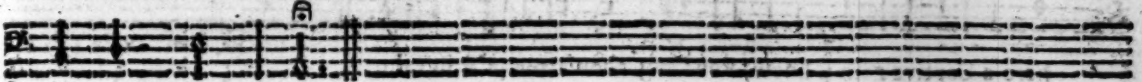
in the Shades below: For tho condemn'd and fetter'd, here I lye, 'till I your Sentence



have, I cannot dye. One look from those dear Eyes, and then a--dieu, to all your Cruel-



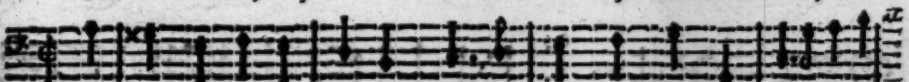
ties and Beau-ties too.



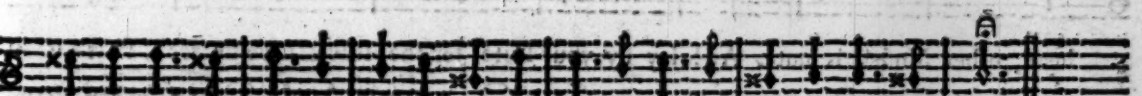
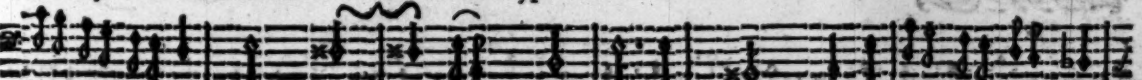
Mr. Henry Purcell.



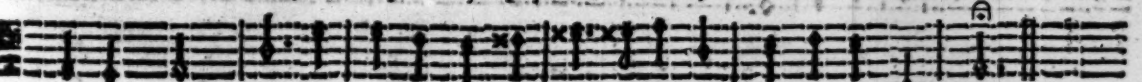
Oor Cle-o-nice, thy Garlands tear from off thy Widow'd brow, and



bind thy loose dishevel'd Hair with Yew and Cypress now: And since the Gods decreed his Years should



have so short a date, let thy sad Eyes pay Seas of Tears, as Tribute to his Fate.



Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

The Trees a duller Green have worn;
Since that dear Swain is gone;
The tender Flocks their Pastor mourn,
And bleat a sadder moan.

III.

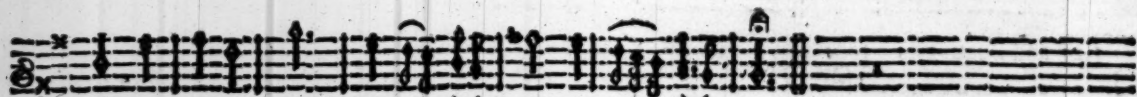
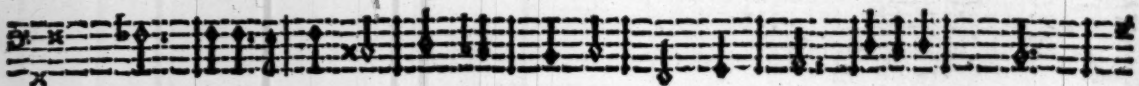
The Birds that did frequent these Groves;
To happier Mansions fly;
And all that once smil'd on our Loves,
Now seem to bid me dye



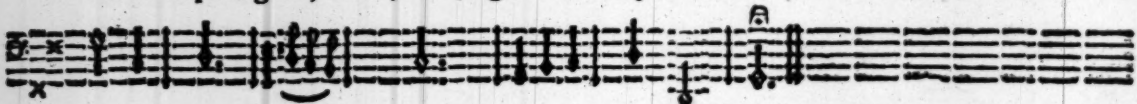
Yet am free, why should I be subject to any Heav'n but thee?



I scorn thy Art, *Cupid*, and Dart; thou may'st not, shalt not wound my Heart: For if thou'dst



here a Captive gain; know, Fondling, thou attempt'st in vain.



Mr. James Hart.



H! lay by your Lute: Ah! *Lucasia*, forbear; whilst your Tongue I may



hear, other Musick is mute. Ah! lay by your Lute, for the Heav'ns have decreed, That my



Heart should submit, that my Heart should submit to none, to none but the Charms of your Wit.



Mr. James Hart.

A SCOTCH SONG.



On—ny Lads gin thou wert mine, and twen—ty thousand

Pounds a—bout thee; I'd scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen, to

lay thee down on a—ny Green, and shew thee how thy Dad—dy got thee: I'd

scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen, to lay thee down on a—ny Green, and

shew thee how thy Dad—dy got thee:

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

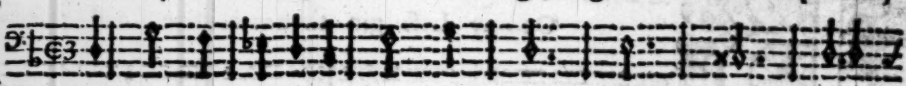
11.

Bonny Lad, gin thou wert mine,
And twenty thousand Lords about thee;
I'd leave them aw to kiss thine Eyn,
And gang with thee to any Green,
To shew me how my Daddy got me:
I'd leave them, &c.

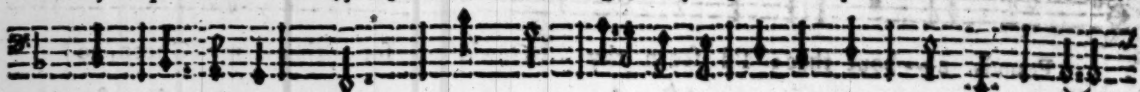
The ANSWER to a late SONG, Let Fortune and Phillis, &c.



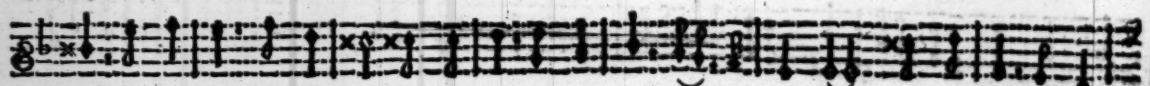
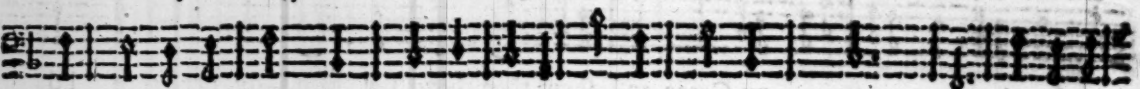
Love my dear *Phillis*, and never will change, no generous Man is suspicious;



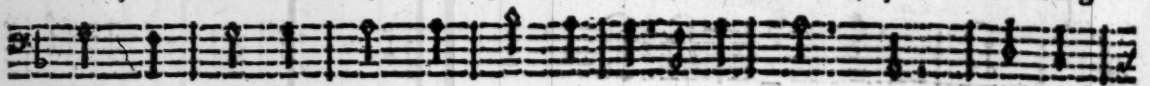
whilst you question the truth, you provoke them to reign, and you prove but your self the more vicious.



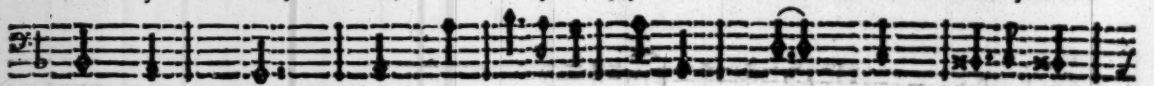
You will and you won't, you'r a wonder to me, for all other Men do what Fate do decree. If that her



Beauty and Humour do meet, she hath power to make you to love her; you'r a wandering



Slave if your Fetters you break, and 'tis sawcy to say you'r above her: Where's the Ease you can

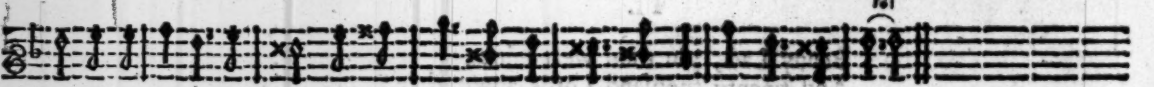


Chorus.

find, if your Love you forgo? For without my dear *Phillis* no Comfort I know. *What a Blessing it*



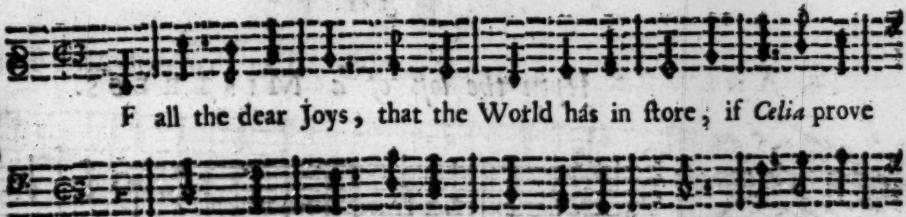
What a Blessing, &c.



is for to have a fair Miss! if she wounds with a Frown, she can heal with a Kiss.



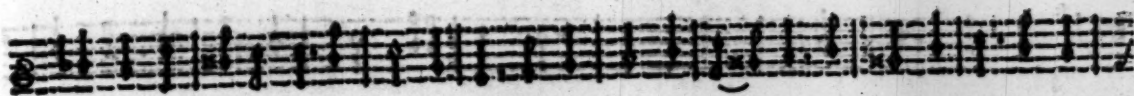
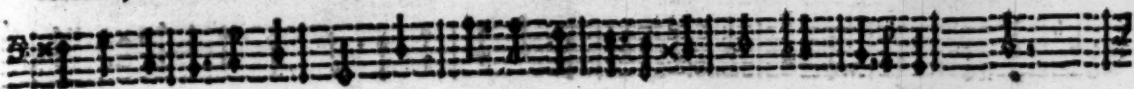
Mr. John Reading.



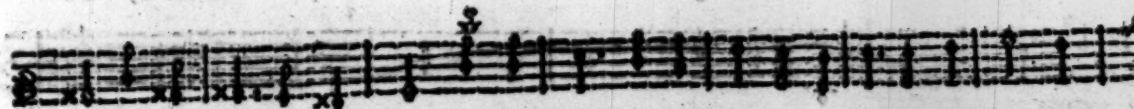
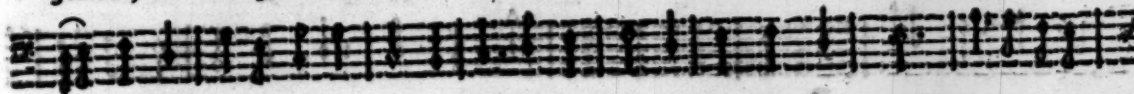
F all the dear Joys, that the World has in store, if *Celia* prove



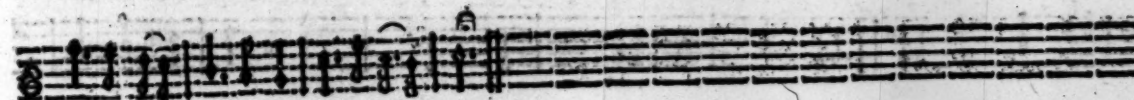
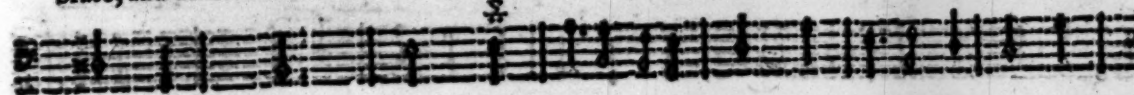
constant, I'll ask for no more: If she prove but as kind, as her Vows do declare, I'll laugh at the



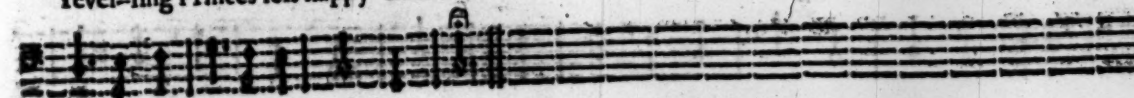
Jealous, and triumph over Care. To clasp the soft dear all night in my Arms, to kiss and em-



brace, and dissolve with her Charms, and to think that these Joys ever-lasting shall be, makes



revel-ling Princes less happy than we.

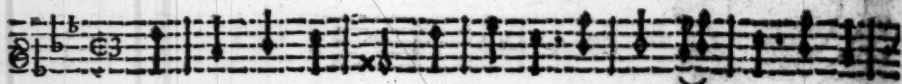
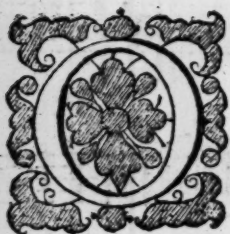


Mr. John Reading.

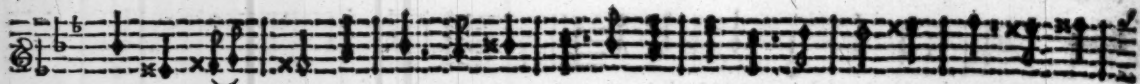
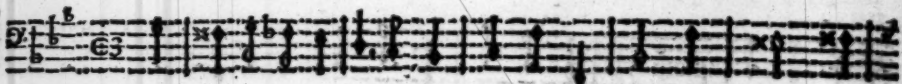
II.

So soft are her Charms, and so melting her ways ;
That she conjures fresh Spirits when Passion decays :
How I'm drown'd in the Bliss of a balmy white Hand !
She infuses new Nature, and Life doth command.
On the Banks of her Breasts all my Sorrow she dries,
And darts through my Soul with her languishing Eyes :
She raises my Love, which was bent, with a Joy,
And cures with those Pleasures, which before did destroy.

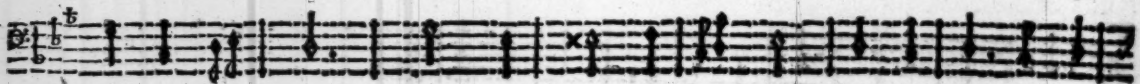
Upon the loss of a MISTRESS.



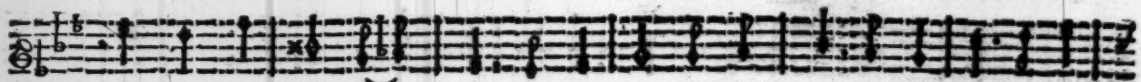
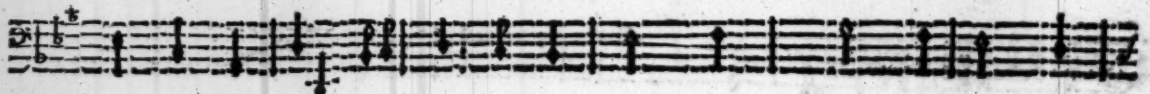
How I am greiv'd, that now I must part with her that I



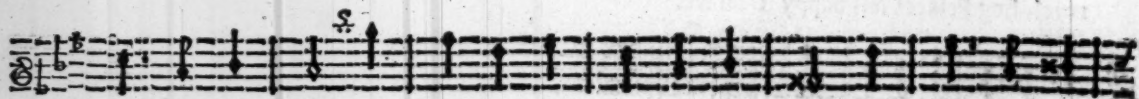
once call'd my own; e're since my poor Breast was by *Phillis* pos--selt, such Sorrow by



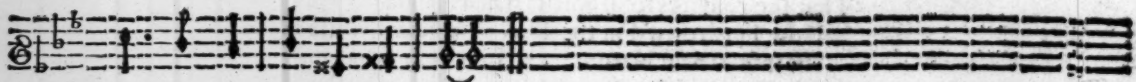
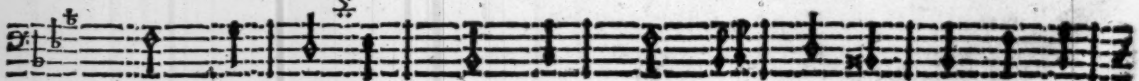
me was ne're known. I thought that her Charms would have kept off all Harms, and I



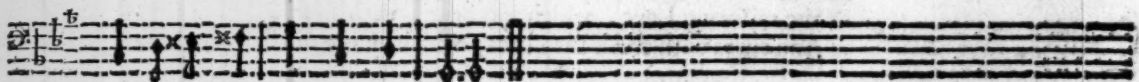
ne're dream'd of this, when close in her Arms: since you *For-tune*, can be so un-



faith--ful to me; Ah tell me! ah tell me, how true you are to those



Men that can flat-ter like you!



Mr. John Reading.



E E how, see how the Flow'rs a---dorn the Spring, how the Birds with

cheerful Notes to-ge-ther sing, all Joy, Peace, and Concord to ev'ry thing. Then let us

be as they are free, there's no loss so great as our Liberty: Then let us be as they are free, there's

no loss so great as our Li-ber-ty. None, none shall disturb us with Envy, Pride, or Care, nor

will we live by Hope, or dye by Despair; but Live, Love, and Laugh, and be as free as Air;

Hark, hark, methinks I hear a sound from a neighb'ring Grove rebound; says, If happy you'^s

be, you must keep your Mind free; there's no pleasure, no pleasure, like Li-ber-ty.

Mr. William Turner;



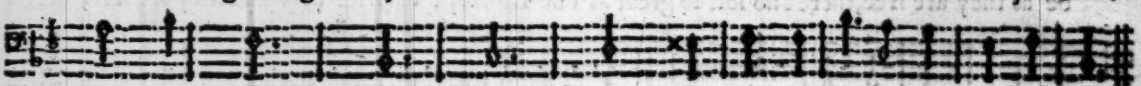
Hail to the Myrtle shade, all hail to the Nymphs of the Field;



Kings will not here invade, tho' Vertue all Freedom yields. Beauty here opens her Arms, to



soften the languishing Mind; and *Phil-lis* unlocks her Charms: Ah *Philis*! ah! why so kind?



II.

Philis the Soul of Love, the Joy of Neighbouring Swains;
Philis that Crowns the Groves, and *Philis* that gilds the Plains:
Philis that ne're had the skill to Paint or to Patch, or be fine;
 Yet *Philis*, whose Eyes can kill, whom Nature has made Divine.

III.

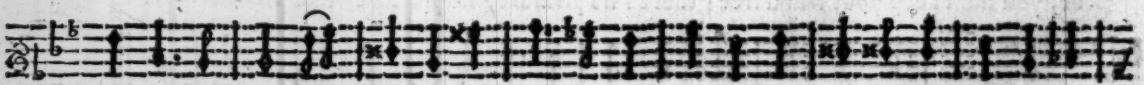
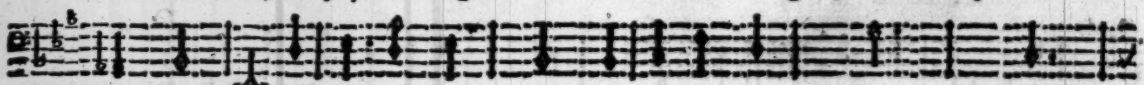
Philis, whose charming Tongue makes Labour and Pain a delight;
Philis that makes the Day young, and shortens the live-long Night.
Philis whose Lips lick May, still laugh at the sweets that they bring,
 Where Love never knew decay, but sets with Eternal Spring.



How short is the Pleasure that follows the Pain, a poor Lover is

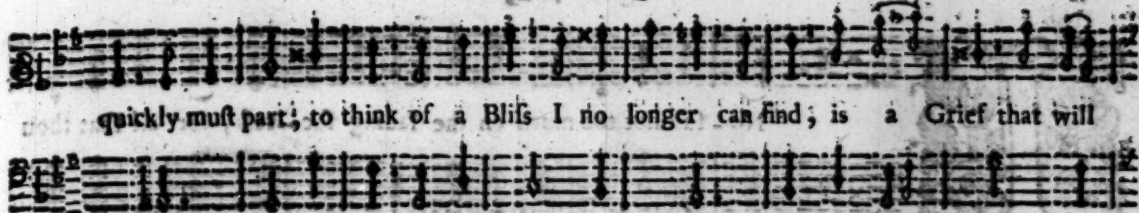


forc'd to endure; the Joys we long wait for we soon lose again, and re-lapse in the

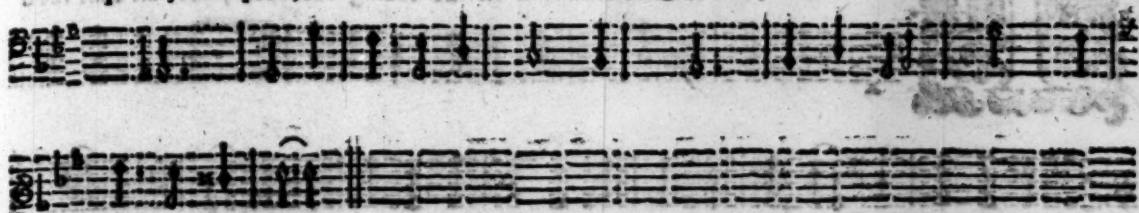


midst of the Cure. Ah *Phil-lis*! I wish you had still been unkind, since from you I so

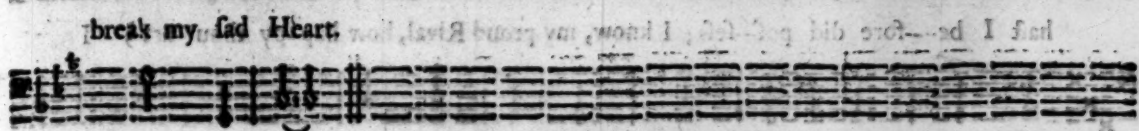




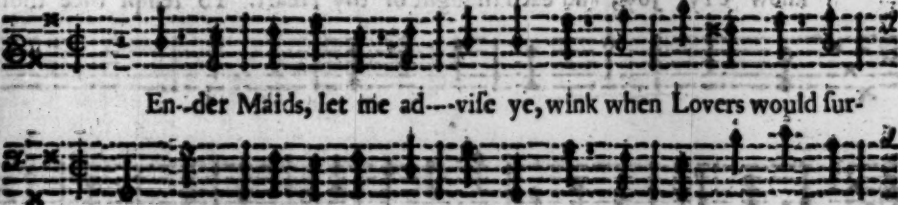
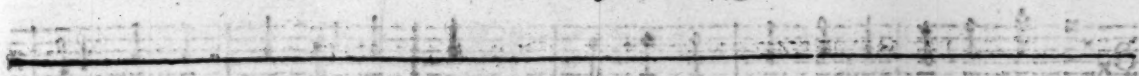
quickly must part; to think of a Bliss I no longer can find; is a Grief that will



break my sad Heart.



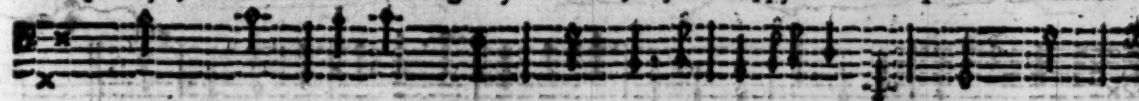
Mr. John Reading.



En-der Maids, let me ad-vise ye, wink when Lovers would sur-



prize ye; whilst ill natur'd thoughts you cherish, all your happy moments perish. Torments



that in Love be--fall, wil-ful Lo-vers make 'um all: Torments that in Love be-



fall, wil-ful Lovers make 'um all.



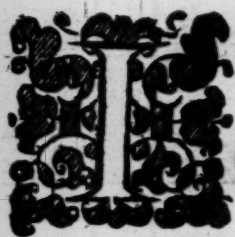
Mr. John Reading.

II.

Whilst your Cruelties repeated;
Cruelly by Love you're treated:
But to wise obedient Lovers,
Heaven and Earth the Gods discovers.
Pains in Love, if pains there are.
Lovers for themselves prepare.

III.

Of despair succeeds disdain;
'Till a Law of Loves ordaining;
Whilst Tormenters are tormented,
Give Content and be contented.
Pains in Love, if pains there are;
Lovers for themselves prepare.



N—sult not too much on the fading suc—cess, for all that thou

hast I be—fore did pos—sels; I know, my prou—d Rival, how hap—py thou art, I

know e’ry Joy, and each thought of thy Heart. To tempt thee those Pleasures were

ta—ken from me, and to gain a new Beauty, he’l take them from thee: To tempt thee those

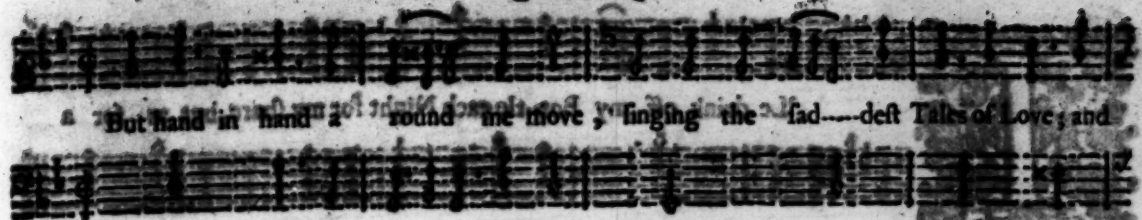
Pleasures were taken from me, and to gain a new Beauty, he’l take them from thee.

Mr. John Reading.



Come all the Youths, whose Hearts have bled by cru—el Beau—ties

Pride; bring each a Garland on his Head, let none his Sorrows hide:



But hand in hand a round we move, singing the saddest Tales of Love; and



try when your Complaints ye join, if all your wrongs can equal mine. *all end*

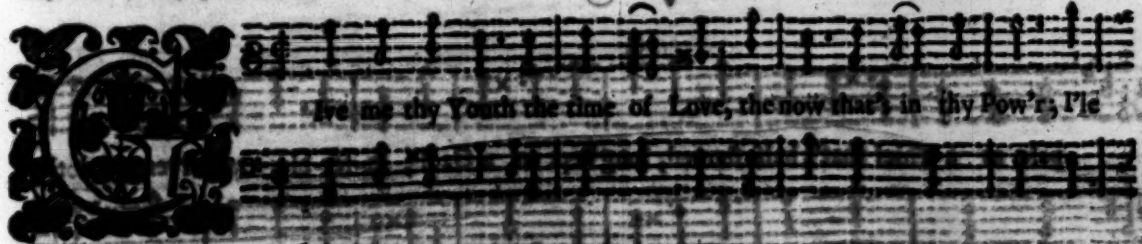
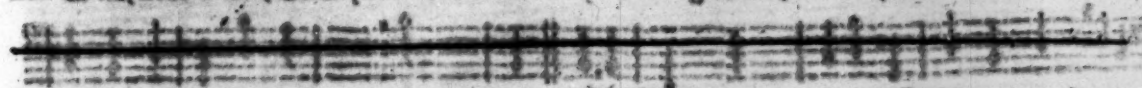


Mr. Fran. Forcer.

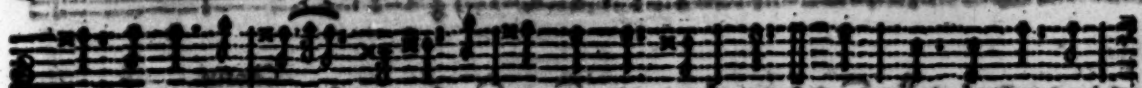
II.

The happiest Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrow knew;
Pity the Pain with which I dye;
But ask not whence it grew.

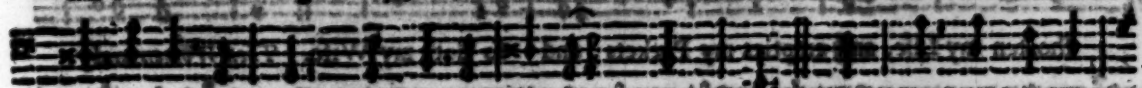
Yet if a Tempting fair you find
That's very lovely, very kind;
Though bright as Heaven, whose Stamp she bears,
Think of my Fate, and shun her Snare.



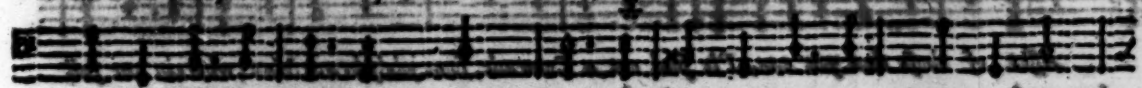
Give me thy Youth the time of Love, the now that's in thy Pow'r, I'll



fall on thee like mighty Yew, in Love a nobler show'r. My thoughts shall still be



fix'd on thee, with Love thy Love receive, unconstant then, and he like be, if



Love will give you leave.

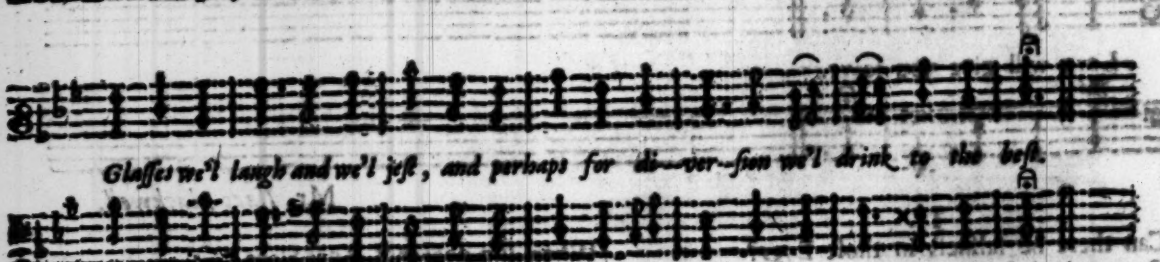
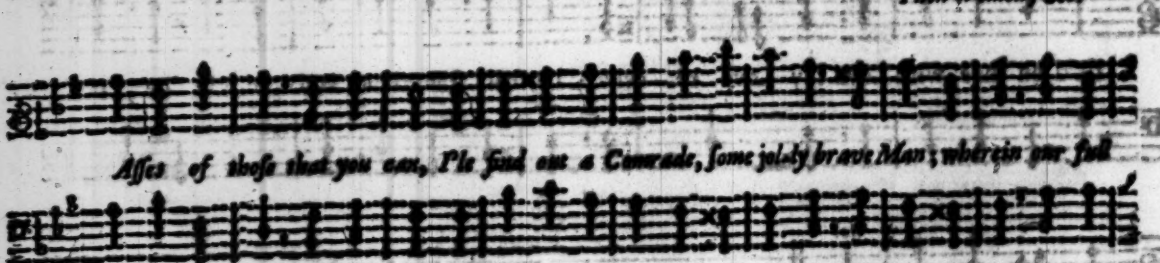
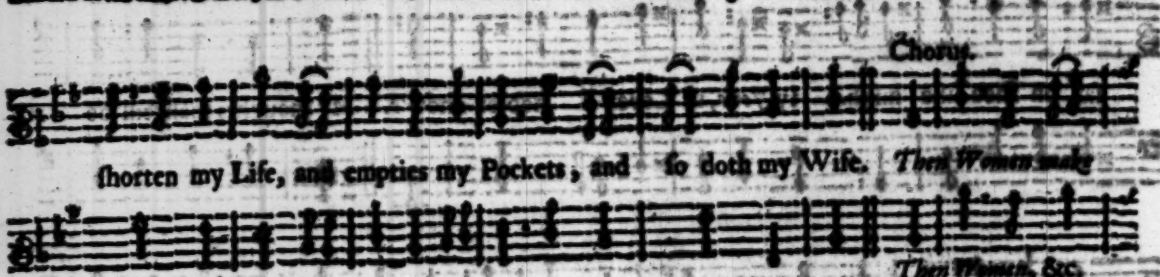
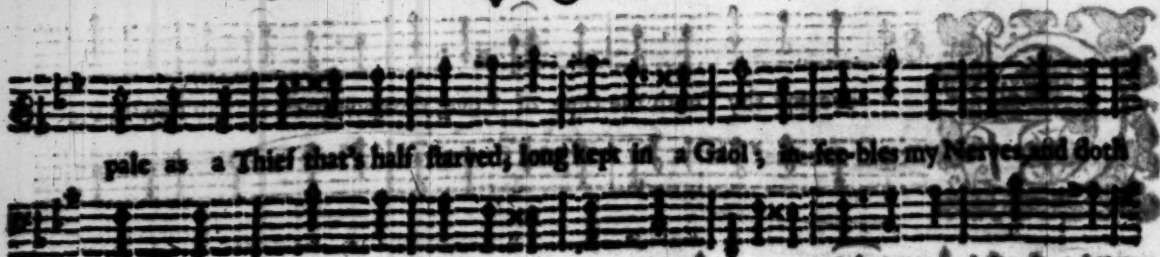
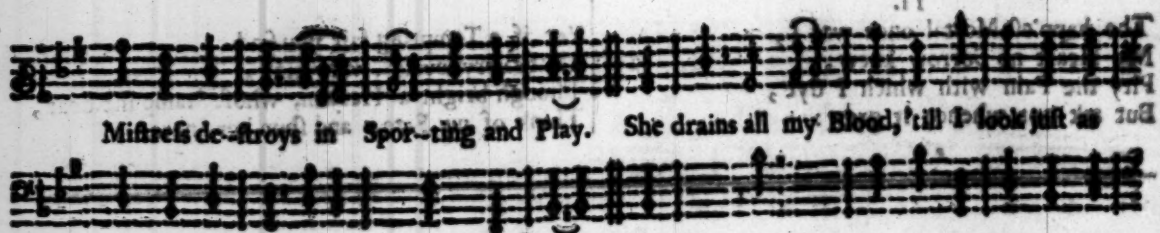
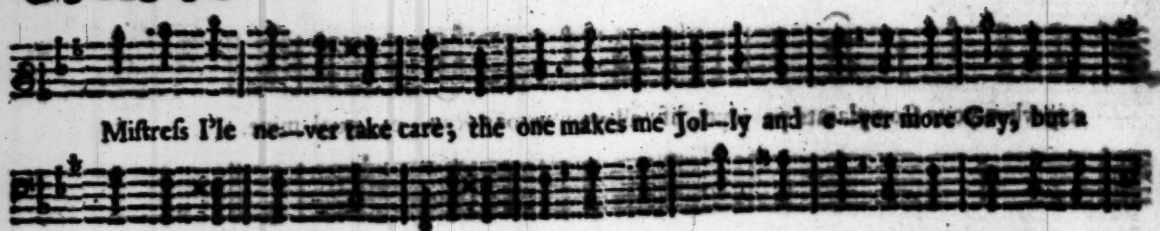
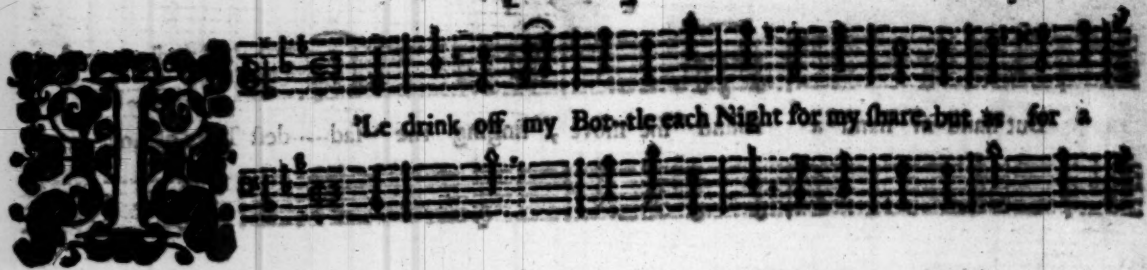


Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

II.

Can there be falseness in those Eyes?
Or can those looks betray?
I'll love thee spite o' th' Grave and Wife,
I'll love thee whilst I may.

When I'm decrepid Ages Slave,
And Amorous Flames decay;
I'll leave my Loving, then be Grave
And Wife as well as they.



Mr. John Reading



Pox of the Fooling and Plotting of late, what a Po-ther and

A Pox of the Fooling, &c.

Stir has it kept in the State? Let the Rabble run mad with Sus-pi-cions and Fears; let 'em

Scuffle and Jarr 'till they go by the Ears: Their Grievances never shall trou-ble my

Pate, so I can en-joy my dear Bottle at quiet.

II.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their Ease,
And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass?
At Old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King:
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design,
H's no room for Treason that's top-full of Wine.

III.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws;
Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as His Majesty please;
Let 'em Damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have Wine.
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To Quale 'em, for making my Claret so dear.

IV.

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate
About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State;
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
That will trouble his head with who shall come after.
Come here's to his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all care and all trouble as we.

V.

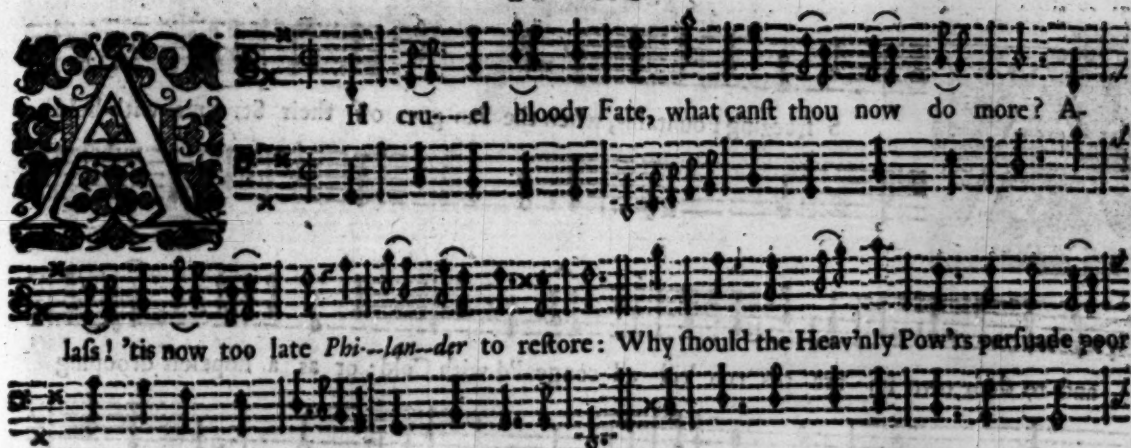
What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go,
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney* and *Monfieur d'Avant*;
What concerns it my Drinking if *Cassal* be sold,
If the Conquerour takes it by Storming or Gold,
Good *Bordeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

VI.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own:
Let him fight and be dama'd, and make Matches and treat,
To afford News-mongers and Coffee-House chat.
He's but a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

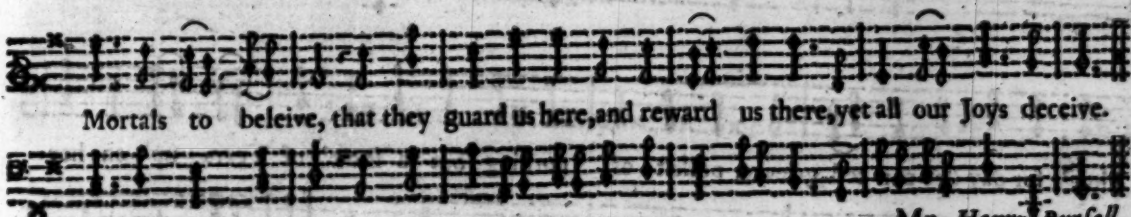
VII.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot;
Or come Fagot and Stake, I care not a Groat:
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat;
No I swear Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that.
I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
This is the Profession that never will alter.



Ho cru—el bloody Fate, what canst thou now do more? A-

lafs! 'tis now too late *Phi-lan-der* to restore: Why should the Heav'nly Pow'rs persuade poor

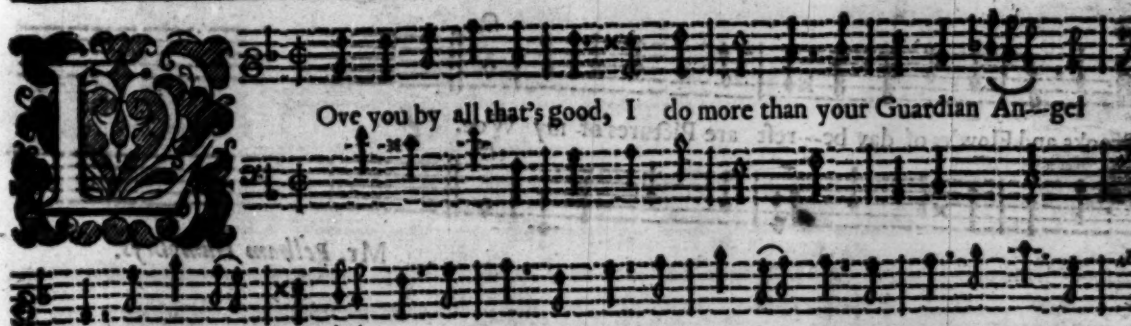


Mortals to beleive, that they guard us here, and reward us there, yet all our Joys deceive.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

Her Ponyard then she took, and held it in her hand,
And with a dying look, cry'd, thus I Fate command:
Philander, ah my Love! I come to meet thy Shade below:
Ah I come, she cry'd, with a Wound so wide, there needs no second blow.

In purple Waves her Blood ran streaming down the Floor,
Unmov'd she saw the Flood, and blest her dying Hour:
Philander, ah *Philander*! still the bleeding *Philis* cry'd,
She wept a while, and she forc'd a Smile, then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.



Ove you by all that's good, I do more than your Guardian An-gel

far; con-fu-sion seize me if I know besides your self a Woman fair: The Love of

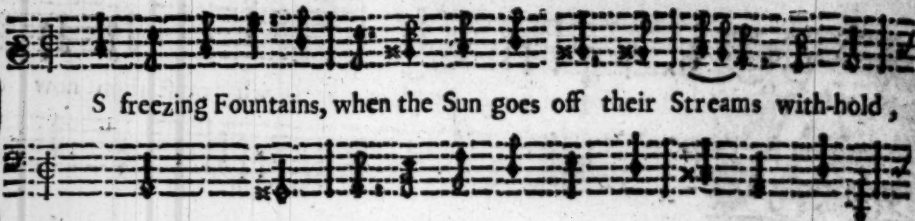


you is fix'd in ev'ry part, and my Eyes speak the Passion of my Heart.



No Poetry can paint a thing
So sweet, so beautiful as you,
Nor one: You're all so ravishing,
You'd make Imagination true.
Your powerful Charms will make a *Stoick* find
Nature has been extravagantly kind.

But Age must come, and Charms will seize
The Time when Lovers disappear;
But I will love you past all these,
Love me but now while Youth is here.
Content I'll let me down, Love on and sing,
The Winter's o're because I've had the Spring.



S freezing Fountains, when the Sun goes off their Streams with-hold,



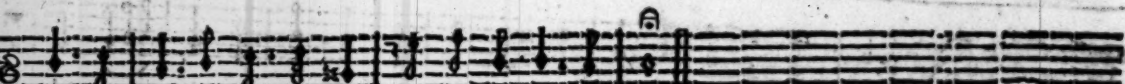
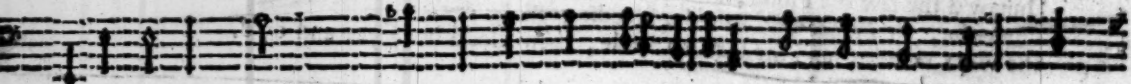
and to their own im-bra-ces run 'till all congeal'd with Cold; or as a hopeless drooping



Flow'r for day de-par-ted grieves, posselt of nothing but a show'r of Tears up-on her



Leaves. Such, such am I in your ab-sence left so like these Mourners show, that



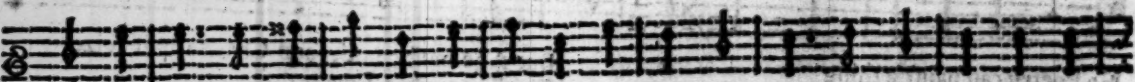
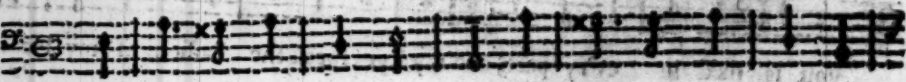
Brooks and Flow'rs of day be--rest are Pictures of my Woe.



Mr. Pelham Humphrys.

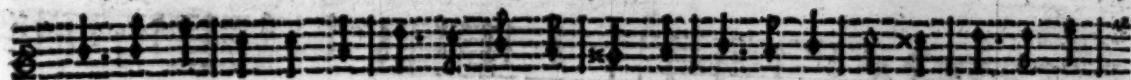


Hil't o--thers on Dow--ny Neasts are lol--ling on La--dies



Breasts, a suck--ing of Breath that is tain--ted, and kis--sing Lips that are painted; he's

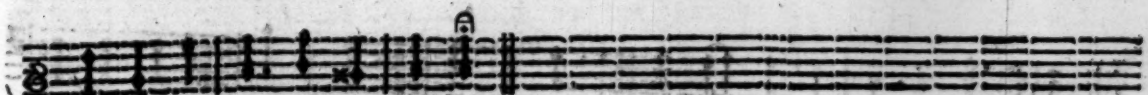




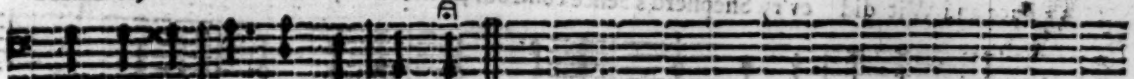
up at the sound of the merry merry Horn, and drink of the wholsom breath of the



Morn: His Mind and his Bo--dy is e--ver em--ploy--ing in Pleasures, in



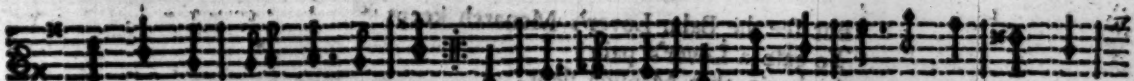
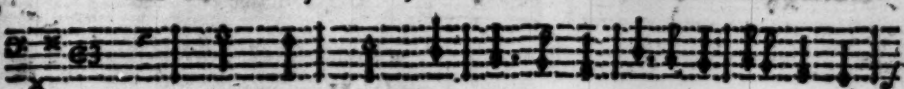
Pleasures, are worth the en--joy--ing.



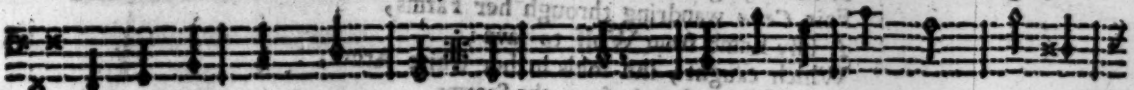
Mr. Nicholas Staggins.



Le tell thee my Celia, if never before thou'st heard of the



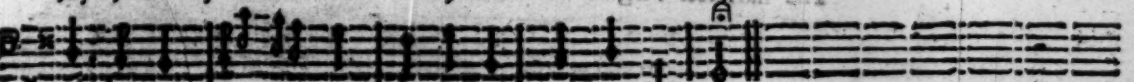
Pleasures that Love has in store; true Love is a Flame that for e--ver burn bright, and



Time cannot quench or di--mi--nish its Light. To none but Love's Emp'rick 'tis lost when en-



joy'd, for they never lov'd truly that e--ver were cloy'd.



Dr. John Blom.



Loſe in a hol-low fi-lent Cave young *Da-mon* ſlee-ping

lay, himſelf one hour from Grief to ſave, and from the ſcorching day; he *Ce-lia* lov'd, whoſe

Face and Wit did ev'ry Shepherd's Sence controul; whoſe ev'ry Hair was Love's ſoft Net, whoſe

ev'ry Glance a Heart did get, and ev'ry Smile a Soul.

Mr. Grabec.

II.

But ſee the Balm Lover's Monarch keeps
To eaſe a Lover's pain;
As he in that Manſion ſlept,
It fiercely 'gan to Rain:
Fair *Celia* wandering through her Farms,
A filly Lamb from Wolf to ſave;
Which caught, the folds in her white Arms,
And glad to ſave it from the Storms,
Strait ſlipt into a Cave.

III.

The drowſie Swain began to ſmile
To ſee his Heaven ſo nigh;
She doubts and fears, and all the while
The Lamb ſtood Bleating by.
No Breath was left her to complain,
She's now a Captive to ſurprize,

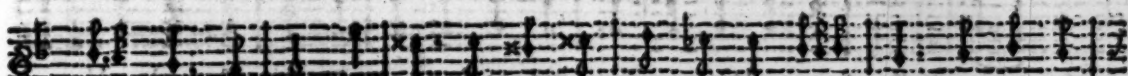
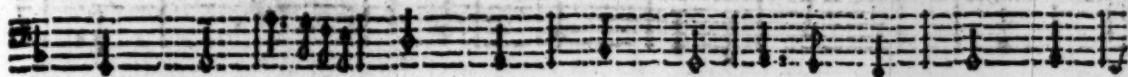
Thus at the Mercy of her Swain
The harmleſs Virgin lies.



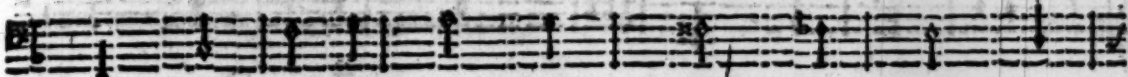
Since cruel This is you my Torments slight, and take no no-tice



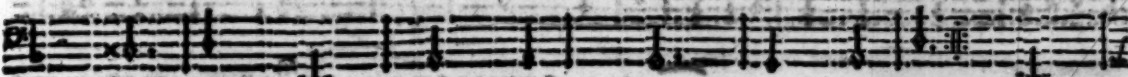
of my Am'rous Flame, in these Vermilion Letters thus I write my bloody Reasons to



con-firm the same; in these Ver-mi-lion Let-ters thus I write my bloo-dy



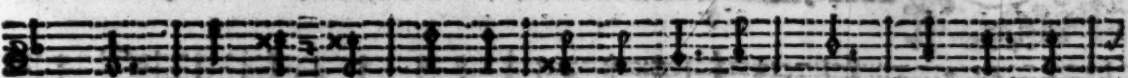
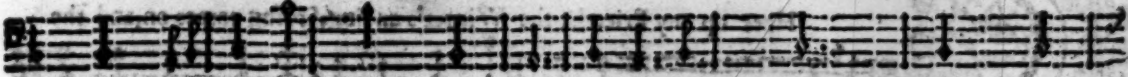
Reasons to confirm the same, my bloody Reasons to confirm the same. These of my



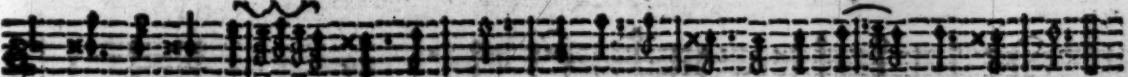
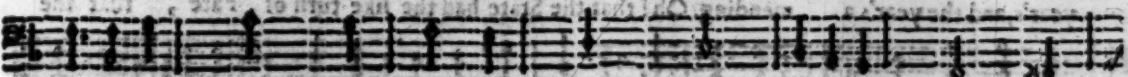
Passion are the live-ly Marks which from my Veins in Blood you here see writ;



touch them, your Breast will kindle with the Sparks the ardent Cha-ra-cters are wrecking



yet: Touch them, your Breast will kin-dle with the Sparks the ar-dent



Cha-ra-cters are wrecking yet, the ardent Cha-ra-cters are wrecking yet.





F---ter all your Cru-el-ty I Love you still, tho by all that's

good 'tis much against my will: Ah *Phil-lis*! could I my Love to reason bend, my

fin---cere Passion soon would have an end; but un-hap-py *Damon* must condemn'd re-

main, for his ten-der Love that's answer'd by dis-dain. Let then your Sentence pass,

doom your Slave to dye, let him not Languish to E-ter-ni-ty.

Mr. James Hart.

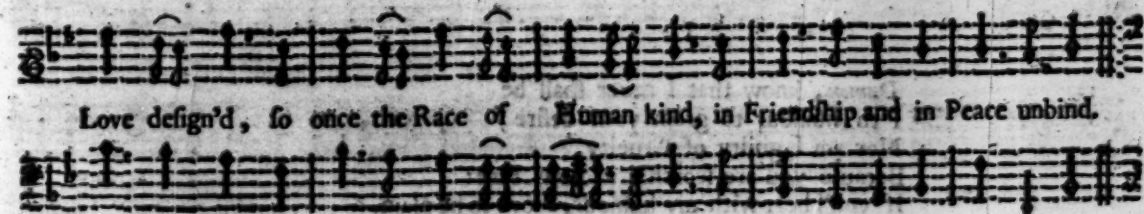
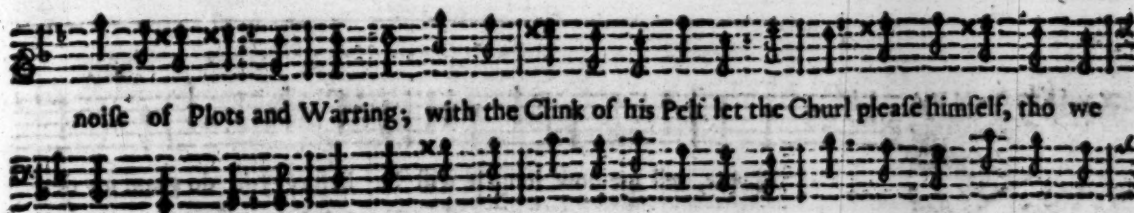
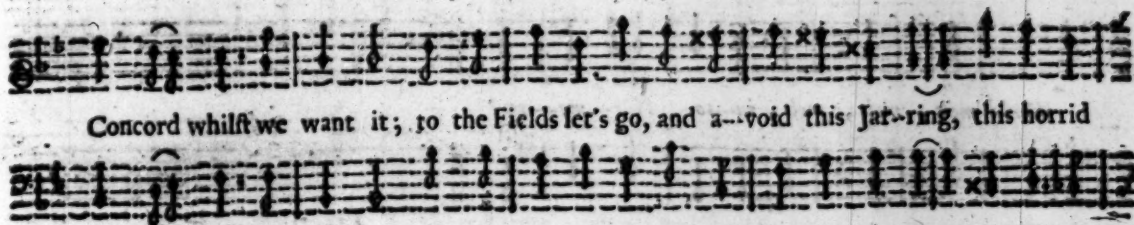
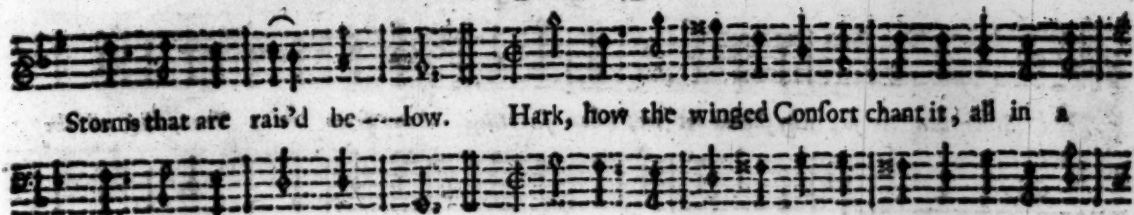
A. 2. voc. Cantus & Basses.



Heer up my Friends, the Winter's ending, Spring comes on, and the

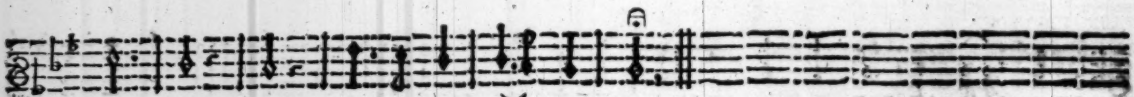
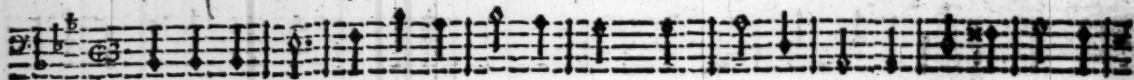
year's, and the year's a mending. Oh! that the State had the like turn of Fate, that the

gen-tle Winds could o-ver blow like the Winter's Snow, all the black





Since then 'tis so, why should not we, when sweetness drops from ev'ry Tree, like all the



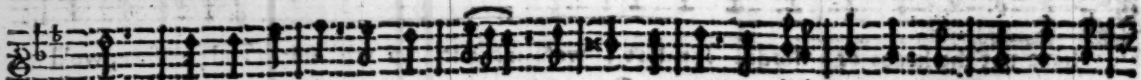
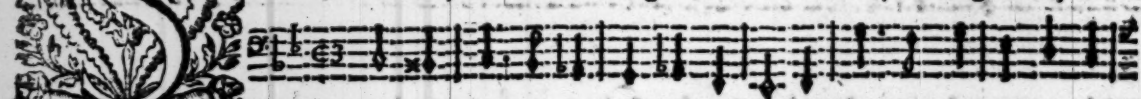
World melt, melt, melt, in--to Har--mo--ny?



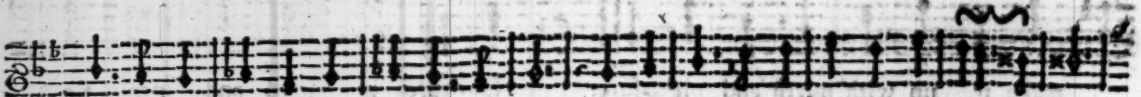
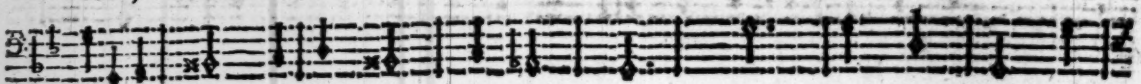
Mr. William Turner.



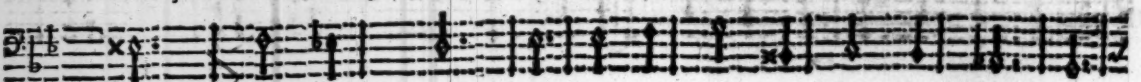
Syl-via, tell me how long it will be before you do grant my de-



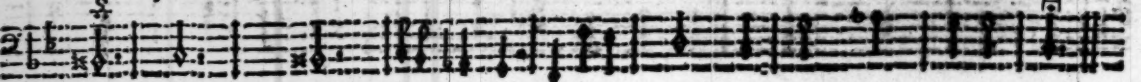
fire; is there no end of your Cru--el--ty, but must I consume in this Fire? You'll not



tell me you love me, nor yet that you hate, but take pleasure in seeing me Lan--guish:



O Syl-via! pi--ty my desperate state, for thou art the cause of my An--guish.



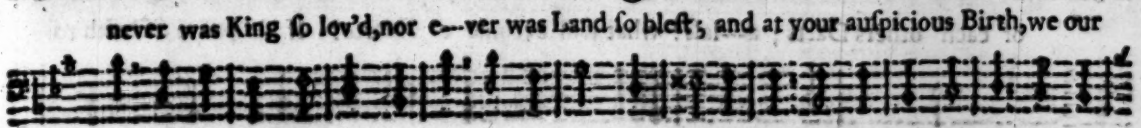
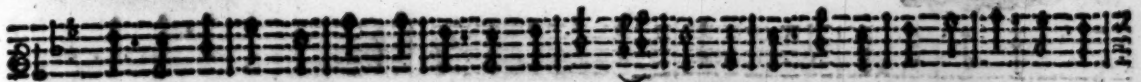
II.

Damon, know that I never shall be
I th' humour to grant your desire;
Nor am I guilty of Cruelty,
Because you are scorch'd in your Fire:
If you'll bear with my humour, I love to be plain,
I'm so pleas'd, that I seem not your Anguish,
O Damon! hope no relief to your Pain,
But love for your Pleasure and Languish.

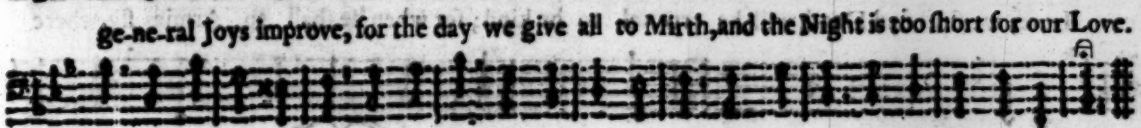
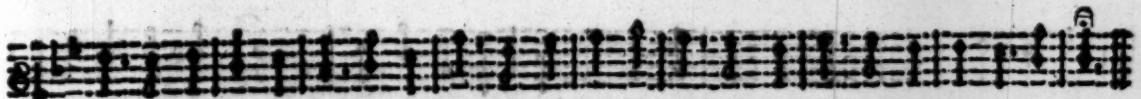
A. 2. Pte.



Ince you have Wars remov'd, and given three Kingdoms rest, there



never was King so lov'd, nor e--ver was Land so blest; and at your auspicious Birth, we our

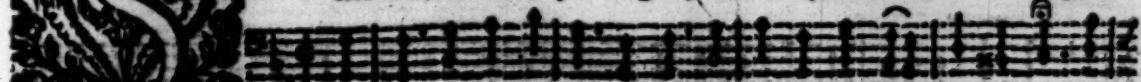


ge-ne-ral Joys improve, for the day we give all to Mirth, and the Night is too short for our Love.

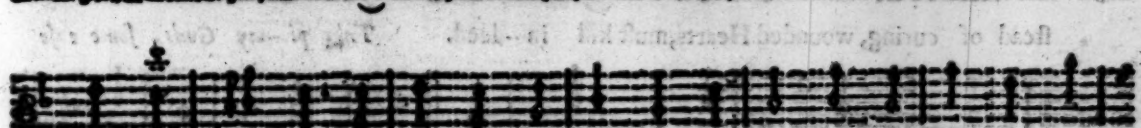
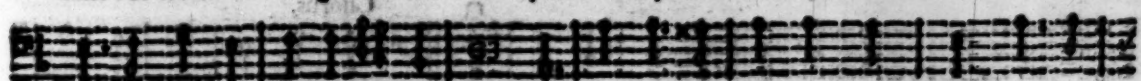
A. 2. Pte.



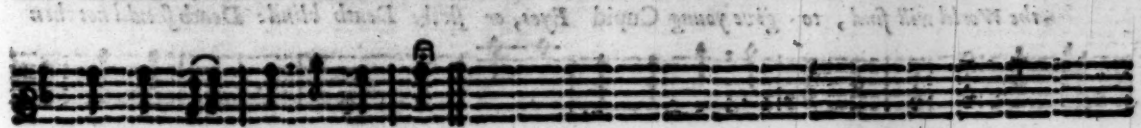
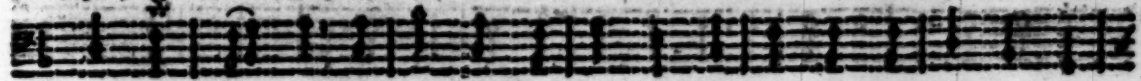
Ure Nature never yet design'd, that Beauty should be so unkind; her



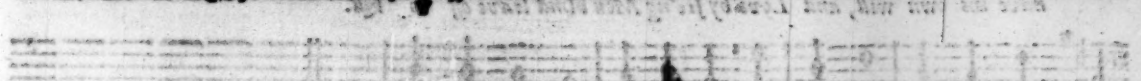
Gifts for want of usage are de--stroy'd: Beauty's not Beauty when it is en-



joy'd; and what greater Curse can on Females be laid, than to live a young



Widow, or dye an old Maid.





Hange, Oh! change your fatal Bows, since neither knows the Virtue

of each others Darts; a--lafs! what will become of Hearts? If it prove a Death to

Love, we shall find Death will be cru--el to be kind; for when he shall to Armies fly, where

Men think Blood too cheap to buy themselves a Name, he reconciles them, and deprives the Valiant

Men of more than Lives, of Vi--cto-ry and Fame. Whilst Love deceiv'd by these cold Shafts, in-

Chorus.

stead of curing, wounded Hearts, must kill in--deed. Take pi--ty Gods, some ease

the World will find, to give young Cupid Eyes, or strike Death blind: Death should not then

have his own will, and Love by see'ng Men blind leave off to kill.

Dr. Christopher Gibbons.



I-Glo-rious Men of Earth, no more proclaim how wide your Empires

are, tho you bind in ev'ry Shore, and your Triumphs reach as far as night or day; yet you proud

Monarchs must o-bey, and mingle with for-sa-ken Ashes, w^h Death calls you to the crowd of

common Men, de-vou-ring Famine, Plague, and War, each a-ble to un-do Mankind,

Death ser-vile E-mil-sa-ries are, nor to these a-lone con-fin'd.

Chorus.

He hath at will more quaint and sub-til ways to kill, a Smile or Kiss, as he will

use the Art, shall have the cun-ning skill to break the Heart.

Dr. Christopher Gibbons?



Hus Mortals must sub-mit to Fate, some more ear-ly, some more

late; Life to this World is on-ly lent, and is re-paid by time and ac-ci-dent,

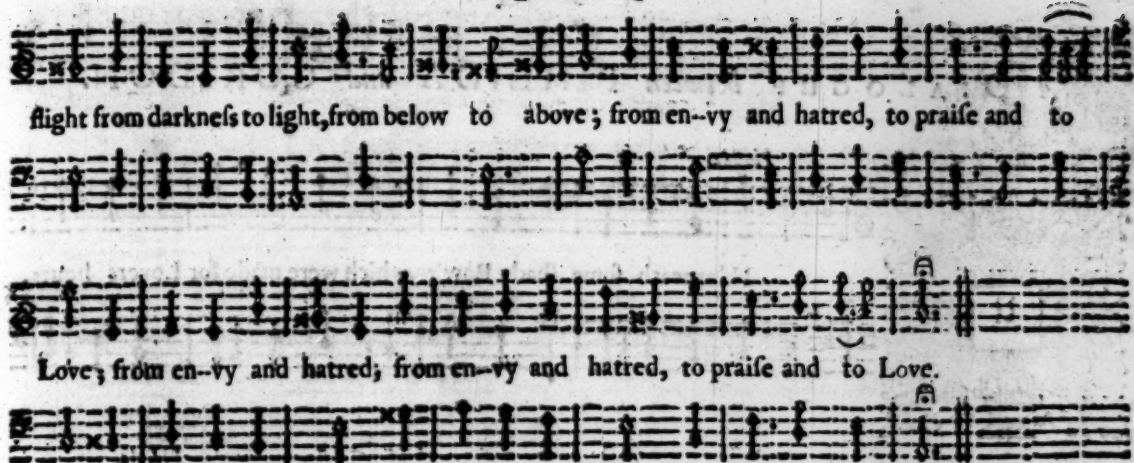
and is repaid by time and ac-ci-dent. Why then should wretched Souls re-

pine, that they are foo-ly made Di-vine, and go where they shall be se-cure of

Joy, and no more shocks of Chance endure: Their Joys are per-fect and no care,

nothing is left to wish or fear: Their Joys are perfect and no care, nothing is

left to wish or fear. How happy, how happy's the Soul that has took his best



Mr. William Turner.



II.

Love smiles when he feels the sharp point of his Dart,
And he wings it to hit the grim God in the Heart;
Who leaves his Steel Bed, and his Bolsters of Brags,
For Pillows of Roses, and Couches of Grass:
His Corser of Lightning is grown so slow,
That a *Cupid* Pth^e Saddle sits bending his Bow.

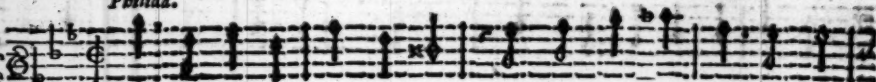
III.

Love, Love is the cry, Love and Kisses go round,
While *Phyllis* and *Damon* lie clasp'd on the Ground;
The Shepherd who soon does his Pleasure destroy;
'Tis Abortive, she cries, and he murders my Joy:
But he Rallies again with the force of her Charms;
And kisses, embraces, and dies in her Arms.

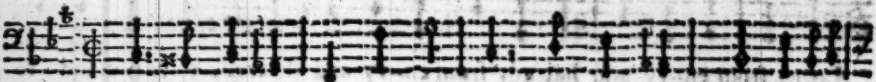
A DIALOGUE between PHILIDA and CORIDON.



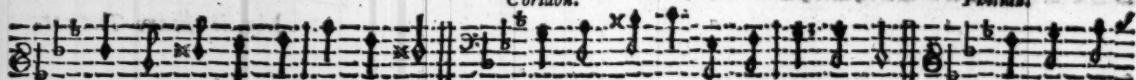
Philida.



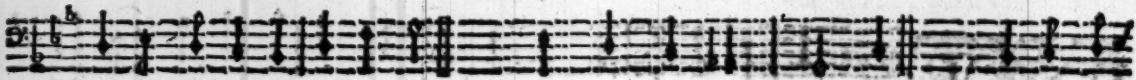
Underneath some shady Bow'rs, which were made for Lovers hours,



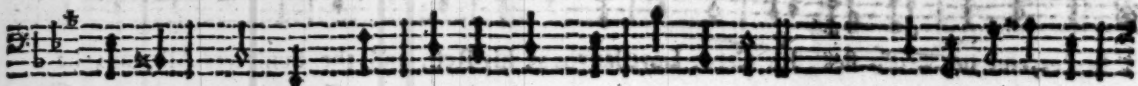
Coridon.



thither let thee and I go stray, And wait the hours of this pleasant day: Whilst there we



name the Gods above, we'll think of nought but how they Love: Love is a thing that



Philida.



is too stale for our Pastoral's pleasant Tale. Ah no! for Love hath made me smart and



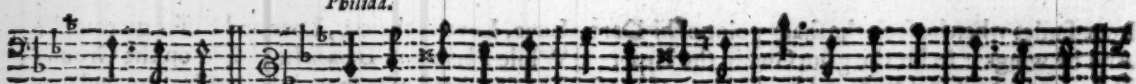
Coridon.



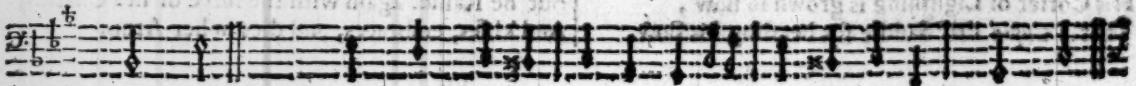
bleed, Just so it hath my Heart; for it doth sympathize with thine, whilst wholly Phi-li-



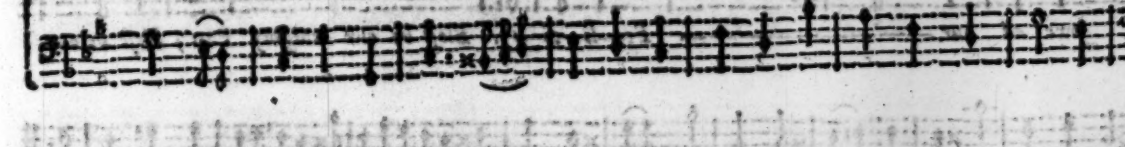
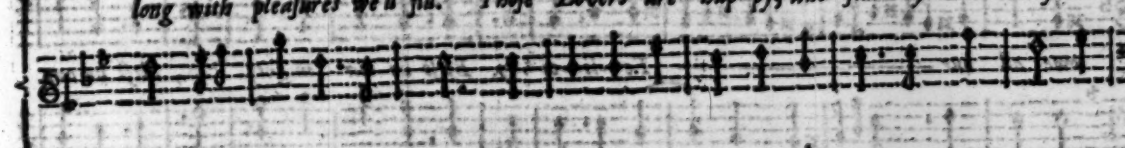
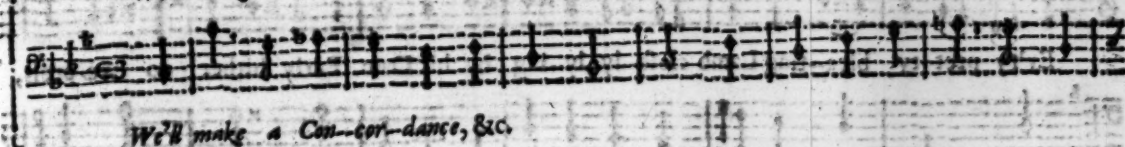
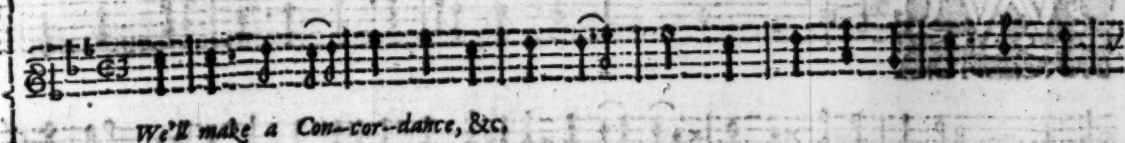
Philida.



da is mine. Then let us to Love's Altars pay the rest of this our hap-py day.



Chor. a 3. Voc.



Mr. John Reading



Hilft our peaceful Flocks do lye, safe-ly kept by care-ful Eye;

Ev'ry pret-ty blea-ting Lamb close-ly ly-ing by his Dam. Early hither do we press,

fairest, loveli'st Shepherdess; for to Ce-le-brate thy Praise in our soft and well tuned Layes.

Chor. a. 2. Voc.

Blest be our mighty Pan, blest be our mighty Pan; and that bright she, to whom we

Blest be our mighty Pan, blest be our mighty Pan; and that bright she, to whom we

owe all our ————— Fe-li-ci-ty. Blest be our mighty Pan, blest be our

owe all our ————— Fe-li-ci-ty. Blest be our mighty Pan, blest be our

mighty Pan; and that bright she, to whom we owe all our ————— Fe-li-ci-ty.

mighty Pan; and that bright she, to whom we owe all our ————— Fe-li-ci-ty.

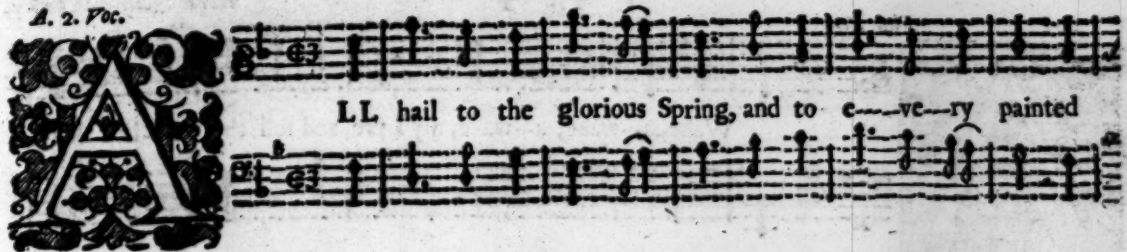
II.

Never yet so sweet a Face,
Did our humble Valleys grace;
Nor so soft and fair a Hand,
Ever Shepherd's Hook command.
Chiefest Glory of our Pains,
Lov'd by all the noblest Swains;
Who breath all but one Desire,
Learn for ever to admire.

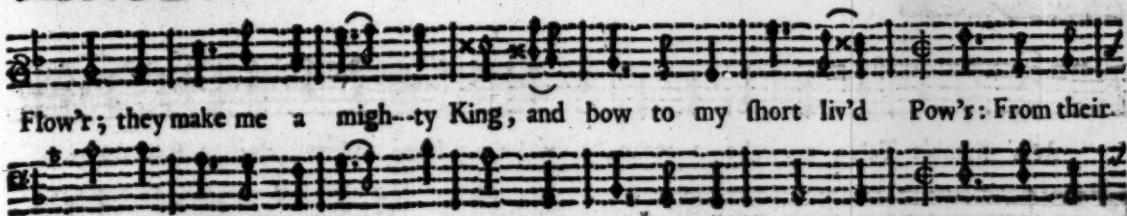
III.

Nay, that Beauty that doth still,
All that look with wonder kill;
Bloom for ever fresh and gay,
Like the Riches of the May.
On your Lips withall excell,
May their Native Coral dwell;
With each Feature and each Line,
Gracing her that's so Divine.

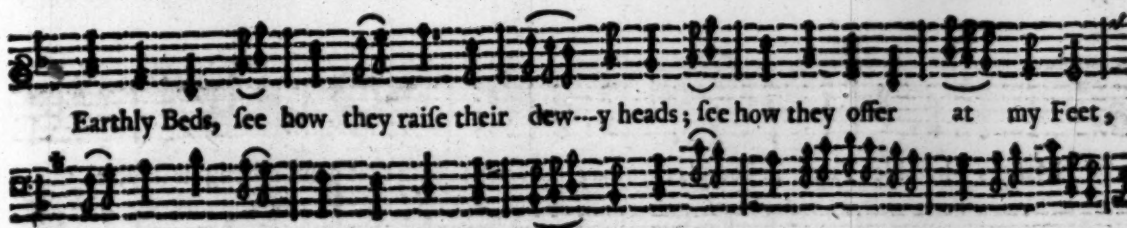
A. 2. Voc.



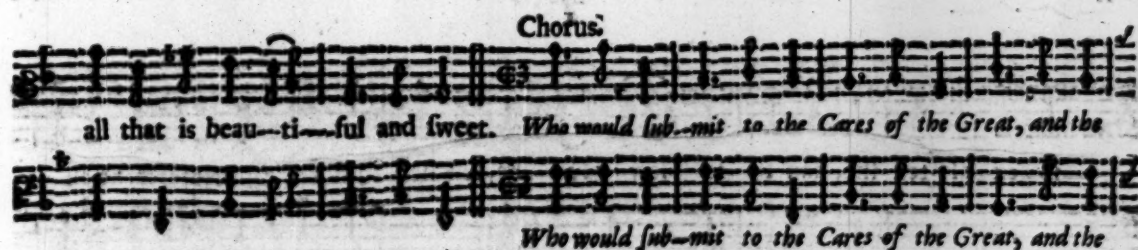
L.L. hail to the glorious Spring, and to e-ve-ry painted



Flow'r; they make me a migh--ty King, and bow to my short liv'd Pow'r: From their



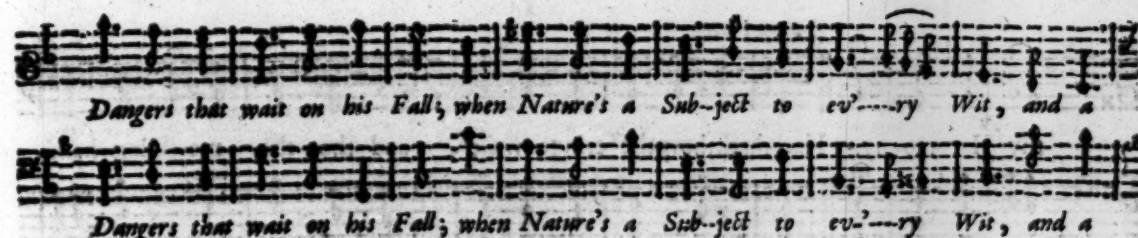
Earthly Beds, see how they raise their dew--y heads; see how they offer at my Feet,



Chorus

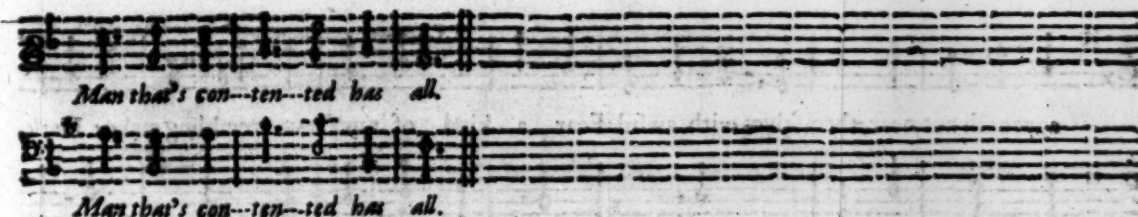
all that is beau--ti--ful and sweet. Who would sub--mit to the Cares of the Great, and the

Who would sub--mit to the Cares of the Great, and the



Dangers that wait on his Fall; when Nature's a Sub--ject to ev'--ry Wit, and a

Dangers that wait on his Fall; when Nature's a Sub--ject to ev'--ry Wit, and a



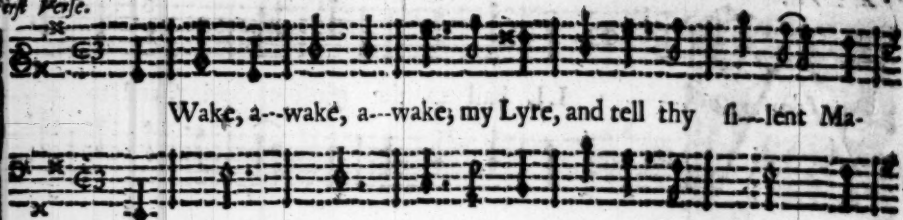
Man that's con--ten--ted has all.

Man that's con--ten--ted has all.

II.

What Beauty or Art out-does
The Jessamines fragrant Sweet,
The blush of the full-blown Rose,
Or Lilly's Eye dazzling white?
These, and whatsoe're the Field,
Cool Groves, and Chrystal Rivers yield;
The Morning Sun, and Evening Shade,
Nature for happy Man has made.

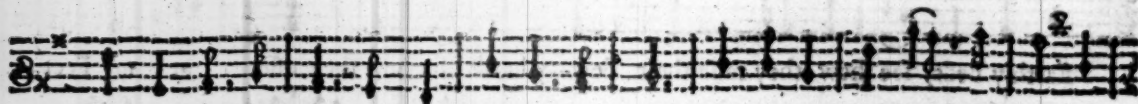
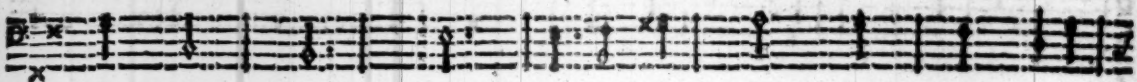
First Verse.



Wake, a--wake, a--wake, my Lyre, and tell thy si--lent Ma-



sters humble Tale; a--wake, a--wake, a--wake, my Lyre, and tell thy si--lent



Masters humble Tale, in Sounds that may prevail; Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire, tho



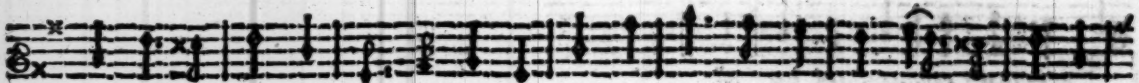
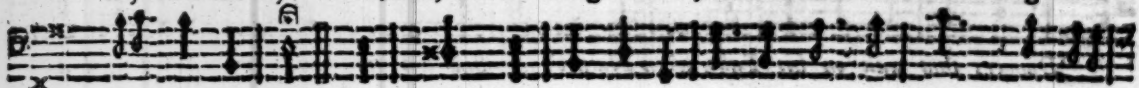
so ex--al--ted she, and I so low--ly be, tell her such diff'rent Notes make all



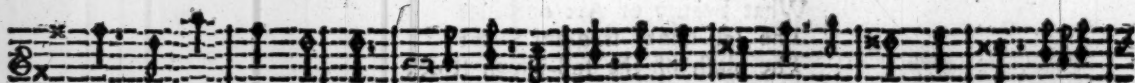
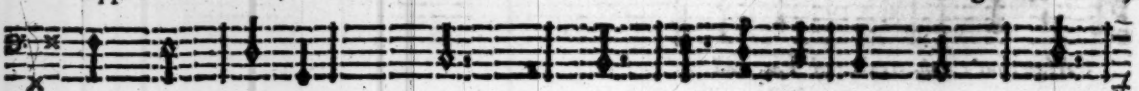
Second Verse.



thy Har--mo--ny. Hark, hark, how the Strings awake, and tho the mo--ving hand

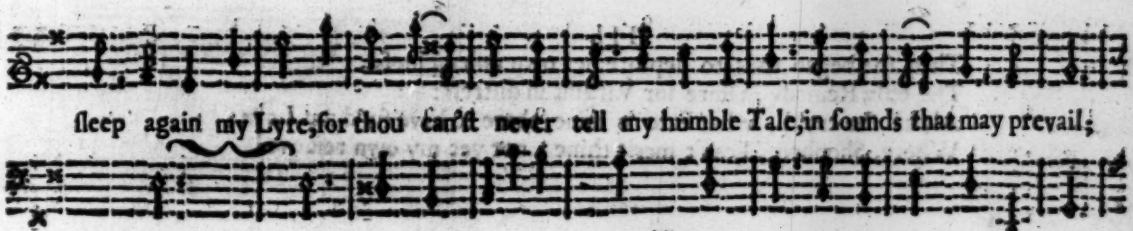
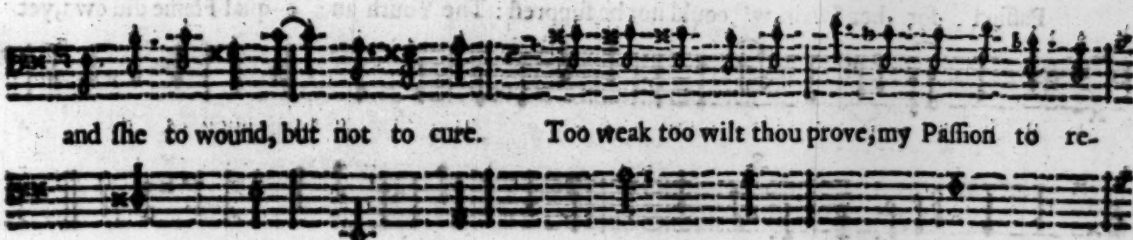
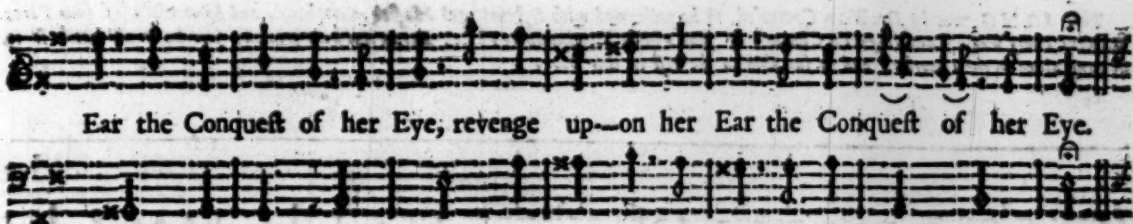
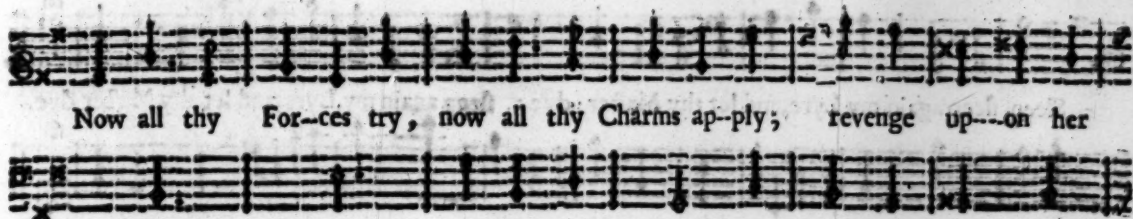


approach not near, themselves with awful Fear a kind of num'rous trembling make: Hark,



hark, how the Strings awake, and tho the moving hand approach not near, themselves with



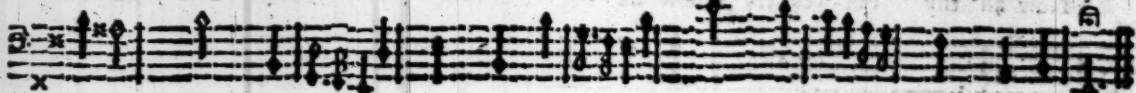




nor gentle, though in her in--spire; all thy vain Mirth lay by, bid thy Strings silent lye.

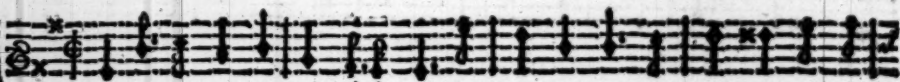


Sleep, sleep again my Lyre, and let thy Master dye; sleep again my Lyre, and let thy Master dye.

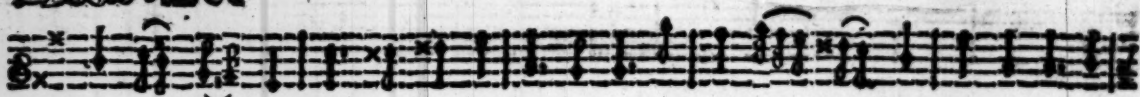


Dr. John Blow.

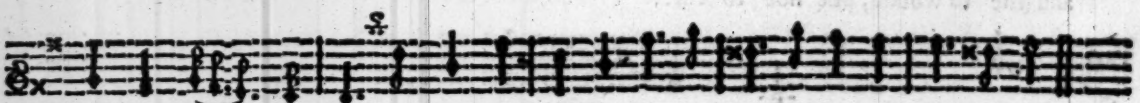
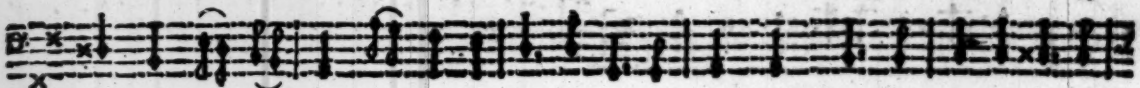
This SONG was by Dr. Blow Composed, to be performed with Instrumental Musick, Sympony's and Ritornello's, of four Parts betwixt every Verse; and likewise Chorus's of four Voices betwixt every Verse: But as it is here printed, you have all which is to be sung alone to the Theorbo, and is suitable to the rest in this Book.



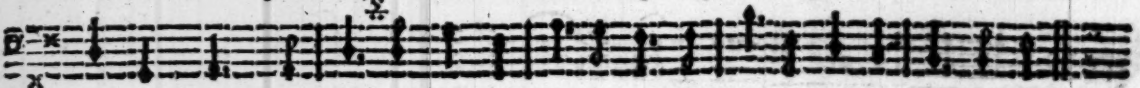
Oor Ma-ri-a-na long in vain within her constant Breast, harbour'd



Passion for her Swain, w^{ch} could not be suppress: The Youth an e--qual Flame did own, yet



'twas but a pretence; for his false Heart was quickly shown by its in--dif--fe--rence.



II.

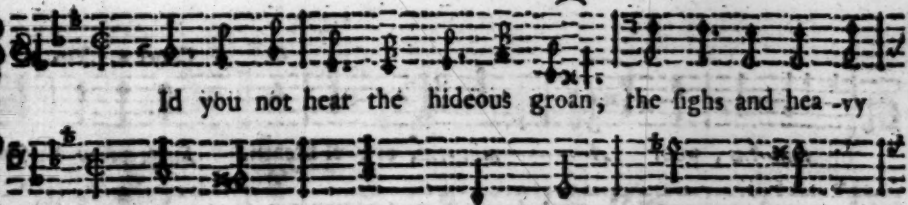
This though it pierc'd the tender Maid with deepest Agony,
Yet would she not upbraid her Swain of his inconstancy:
But ah! said she, the fault's my own, that I this usage find;
For could I just desert have shown, the Youth had still been kind.

III.

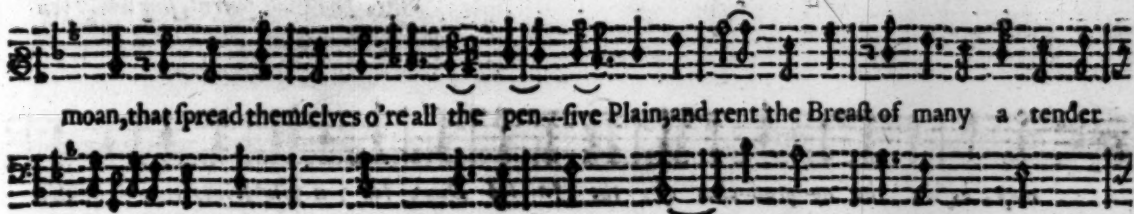
Then she began thus to deplore her own unhappiness,
The only Remedy in store for Virgins in distress:
Alas! she cry'd, what Fate is mine, there to have fix'd my Love;
Where, Shepherd, I can't merit thine, nor yet my own remove!

A PASTORAL SONG set by Mr. William Gregory, in memory of his deceased Friend Mr. Pelham Humphrys, one of the Gentlemen of HIS MAJESTY'S Chappel, and Master of the Children of the Chappel.

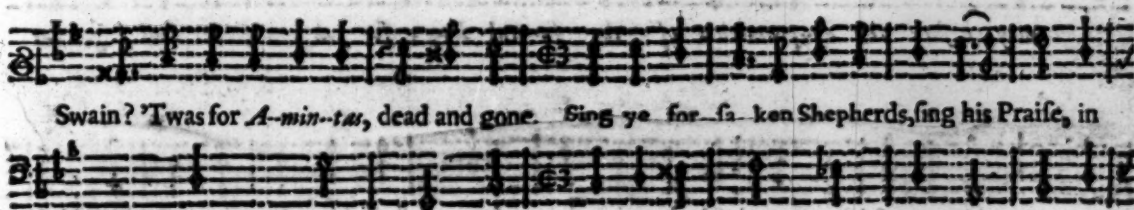
[words by Mr. T. Flatmah.]



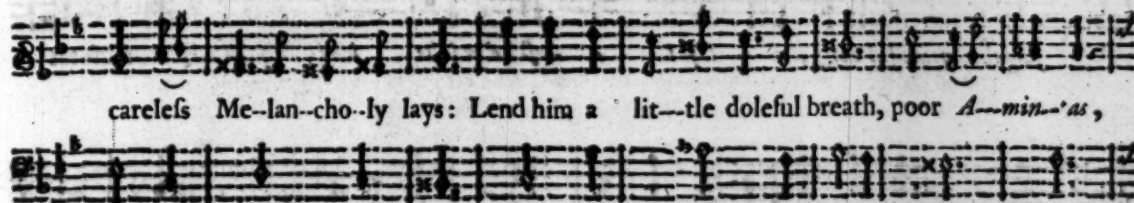
Id you not hear the hideous groan, the sighs and hea-vy



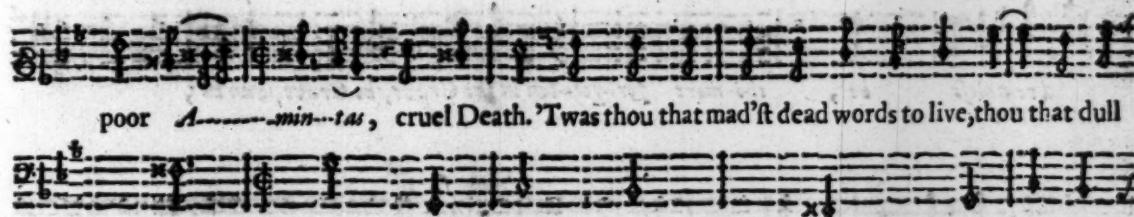
moan, that spread themselves o're all the pen-sive Plain, and rent the Breast of many a tender



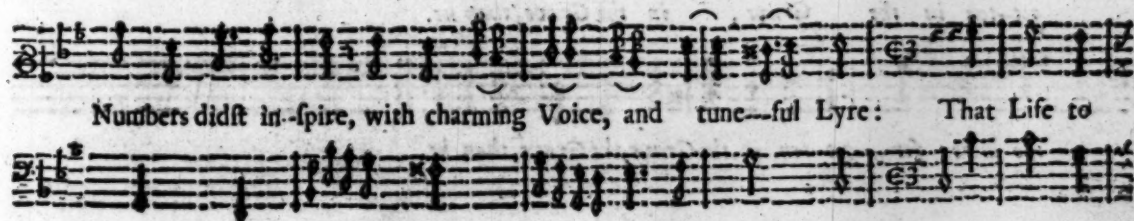
Swain? 'Twas for A-min-tas, dead and gone. Sing ye for-fa-ken Shepherds, sing his Praise, in



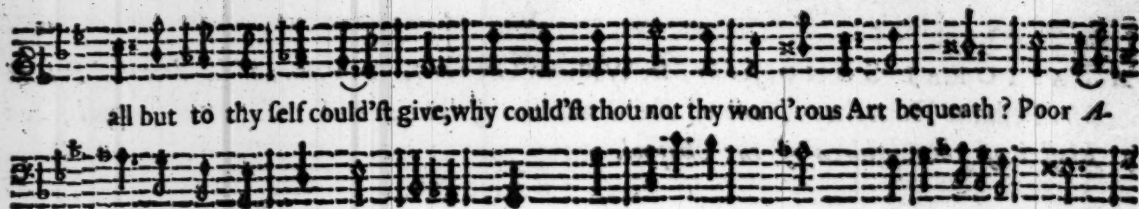
careless Me-lan-cho-ly lays: Lend him a lit-tle doleful breath, poor A-min-as,



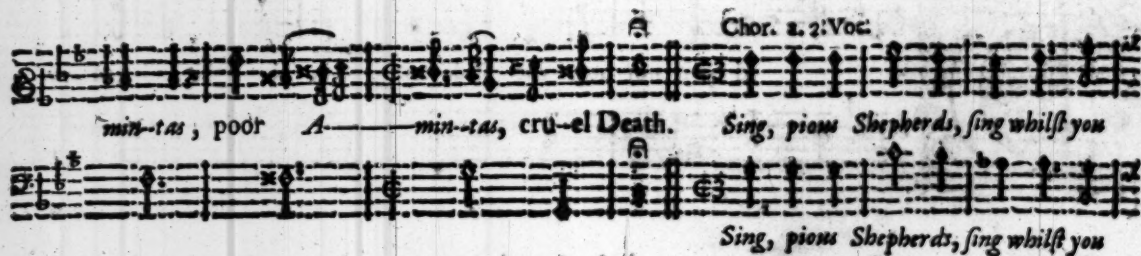
poor A-min-tas, cruel Death. 'Twas thou that mad'st dead words to live, thou that dull



Numbers didst in-spire, with charming Voice, and tune-ful Lyre: That Life to



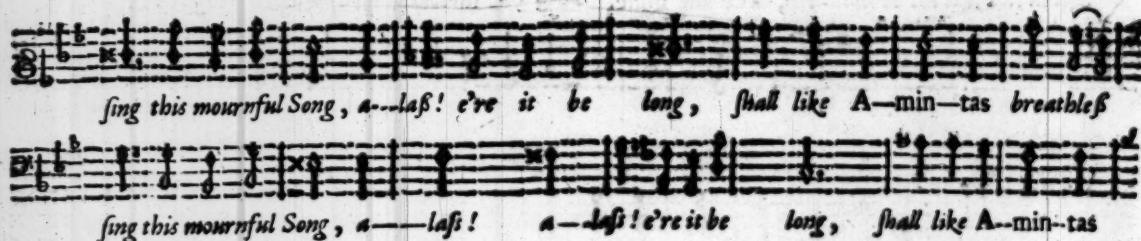
all but to thy self could'ft give, why could'ft thou not thy wond'rous Art bequeath? Poor A-



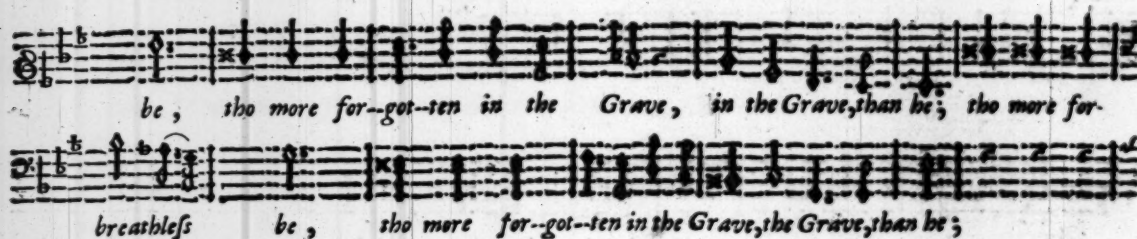
min-tas, poor A—min-tas, cru-el Death. Sing, pious Shepherds, sing whilst you
Sing, pious Shepherds, sing whilst you



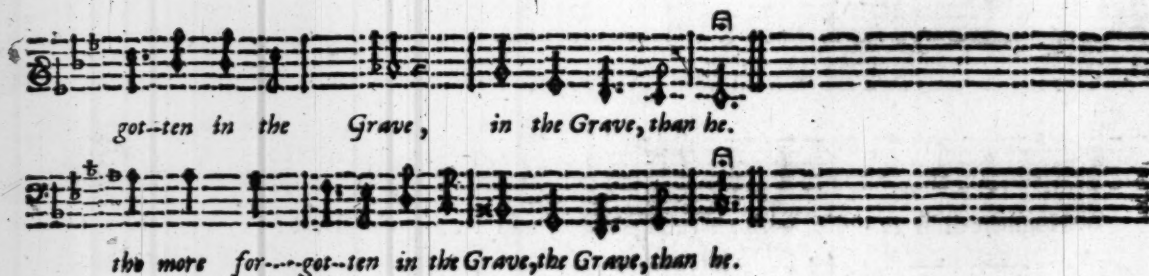
may, before the ap-proa-ches of the fa-tal Day; for you your selves that sing, that
may, before the ap-proa-ches of the fa-tal Day; for you your selves that sing, that



sing this mournful Song, a--last! e're it be long, shall like A-min-tas breathless
sing this mournful Song, a—last! a—last! e're it be long, shall like A-min-tas



be, tho more for-got-ten in the Grave, in the Grave, than he; tho more for-
breathless be, tho more for-got-ten in the Grave, the Grave, than he;



got-ten in the Grave, in the Grave, than he.
tho more for---got-ten in the Grave, the Grave, than he.

PASTORAL ELEGY on the Earl of Rochester, who died the 26th
of July, 1680. Set by Dr. John Blow.

[Words by Mr. T. Flatman.]




 S on his Death-bed gasping Sire—phen lay; Sirephen the

 won—der of the Plains, the noblest of the Arcadian Swains, Sirephen the bold, the

 wit—ty, and the gay: With many a Sigh, and ma—ny a Tear, he laid, Re—

 mem—ber, re—mem—ber me ye Shepherds when I'm dead; remember the ye

 Shepherds; re—mem—ber me ye Shepherds when I'm dead. Ye trifling Glories

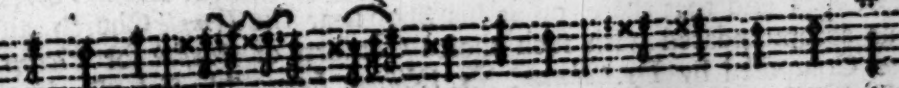
 of the World a—dieu, and vain ap—plau—ses of the Age; for when we quit

 this mortal Stage, be—lieve me, Shepherds, for I tell you true, those

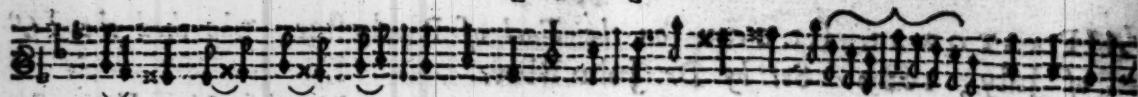




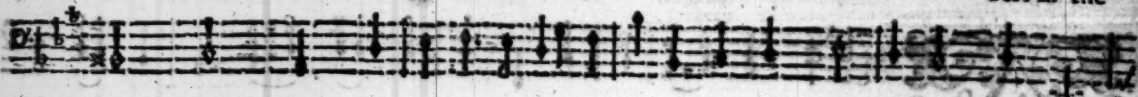




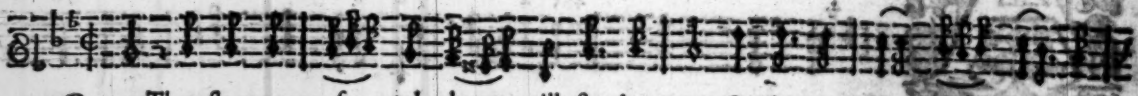




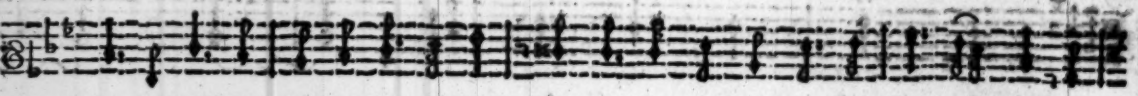
Pleasures which from virtuous deeds we have, create the sweetest Slum ——— bers in the



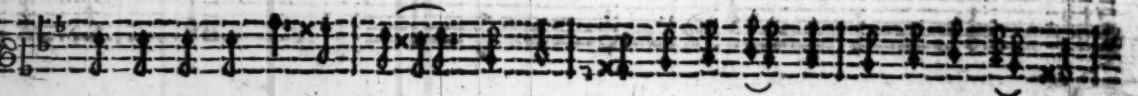
Grave. Then since your fa—tal hour will surely come, surely your Heads lay low as



mine, your bright Me-ri-dian Sun decline; beseech the mighty Pan to guard you home, if



in E-li-zium you would hap—py be: Live not like Strephon, but like Strephon dye;



live not like Strephon, but like Strephon dye.



FINIS.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

MR. Playford desires to give notice to his *Musical Friends* in or about LONDON, That his Dwelling-house is now at the lower end of *Arundel Street*, over against the *George*; and that there, or at his Shop near the *Temple Church*, all such as desire to be accommodated with such choice *Consorts of Musick for Violins and Viols*, as were Composed by *Dr. Colman*, *Mr. William Laws*, *Mr. John Jenkins*, *Dr. Benjamin Rogers*, *Mr. Matthew Locke*, and divers others, may have them fairly and true Prick'd. Also most of the choicest *Vocal Hymns and Psalms for two and three Voyces*, Composed by *Mr. William and Henry Laves*, *Mr. Locke*, *Mr. Jenkins*, *Dr. Rogers*, and other choice Masters. He has also a large Collection of the new *Instrumental Musick* for two *Trebles and Bass*.